Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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CHARLES GATES DAWES

BY X———

"THERE are," said the attorney, "seven good reasons why my client cannot appear in court today. In the first place, he is dead."

"Never mind the other six reasons," said the Judge.

Though in no sense his attorney, it would be easy for me to give more than seven reasons why Charles Gates Dawes should be nominated for the Presidency by the Republican party and elected by the people of the United States; and I might give as the first and all-sufficient one simply that he is Dawes. It will, however, be worth while to proceed with further specifications.

We may say, then, at the beginning, that he conspicuously meets the requirements of the traditional "Three C's", to wit, Character, Capacity and Courage. Upon the first it would be not only superfluous but also invidious to dwell. The time of mud-slinging is past. There will be no more "329" and "tattooed man" campaigns. The American nation assumes that every Presidential candidate put forward by a responsible party is a man of unimpeachable moral character, and would visit consuming wrath equally upon any exception to that rule and upon any attempt to make it falsely appear that an exception had been made. Character has become a matter of course. But even were it not so, we could confidently say of Mr. Dawes that—

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Whatever record leap to light,
He never shall be shamed.

Neither need we dwell upon his capacity. The range of his activities has been unusually wide and varied, in peace and in war, in public service and in private enterprise. Engineer, lawyer, industrialist, financier, political leader, practical philanthropist, Comptroller of the Currency, chief of the General Purchasing Board for the A. E. F. in the World War, first Director of the Budget, part author and whole sponsor of the only practicable plan yet devised for dealing with the German Reparations problem, writer of outstandingly authoritative works on banking and finance, Vice-President of the United States, he has in every instance shown himself a highly capable man of affairs. Nor is there occasion to defend the courage of a man who thought no more of lecturing the United States Senate for its delinquencies than a pedagogue would of chiding his pupils for tardiness or inattention. Character, capacity and courage find an apt synonym in the name of Dawes.

Are there those who look for American traditions and the American spirit in an American President? Let them consider, then, the great-grandson of the man who led the midnight ride of Paul Revere to Lexington and Concord; and think of the son of the commanding General of the Wisconsin Iron Brigade.

Experience is an essential qualification; and it is abundantly predicated of him in the varied and important catalogue of his activities which we have already rehearsed; of which it is to be observed that it comprises some of the things most essential for a Chief Magistrate to know and to do.

Come we now to the only point on which there is to be any suggestion of comparison or contrast with other candidates, and that in only a general and impersonal way. Two generations ago a United States Senator won applause by scornfully demanding "What do we care for 'Abroad'?" But none would dare to repeat those words today. We do, and we should, care for "Abroad", having what Jefferson attributed to us more than a century and a half ago, "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind"; wherefore it is highly to be desired that an American President shall be known and well esteemed by other important

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nations. It is scarcely to be questioned that Mr. Dawes is conspicuous among the three or four American statesmen whose names are best known and who personally have most prestige throughout the world. I am not concerned with the precise fractional percentage of his share in the authorship of the Dawes Plan. What is indisputable is that he had so large a share in it that his colleagues deemed it fitting that it should be called by his name; as also that he, probably above all others, had so much faith in its righteousness and practicality that he did not hesitate to accept full sponsorship for it. Neither am I concerned with questions as to the permanent efficiency of that Plan, or its possible modification or abrogation at some future date. The facts, writ large upon the history of the world, are that the Dawes Plan was accepted and acclaimed as the means of rehabilitating and stabilizing the finances of Germany, and of causing a successful refunctioning of the processes or reparations which before it had fallen into apparently hopeless chaos and desuetude. The man whose name is inseparably identified with that achievement will as President have a world-wide prestige and command a world-wide confidence such as only a minority of his predecessors have possessed, and such—with all possible respect—as scarcely any other present aspirant to the Presidency could reasonably hope to enjoy.

The logic of the Constitution of the United States is another pertinent and forceful reason for choosing Mr. Dawes as our next President. The original intent was that there should be no discrimination between President and Vice-President in voting for those officers, but that practically all votes should be cast for candidates for the Presidency; the candidate getting the largest number becoming President, and the one getting the next largest number becoming Vice-President. We have changed that, it is true, so as to vote for the two separately; but we have retained unaltered the requirement that the Vice-President shall possess precisely the same qualifications as the President. The obvious and inescapable inference is, therefore, that while we choose him whom we regard as our best man for the Presidential nomination, we choose the next best man for the so-called second place on the ticket; wherefore, after the former has served his term, the latter stands as the best man to succeed him. On three noteworthy

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occasions in our history, Vice-Presidents have been directly promoted to the Presidency. Five times, five tragic times, have Vice-Presidents become Acting-Presidents to fill out terms interrupted by death. Thus has been impressed upon the nation the need of selecting for the Vice-Presidency men whom it would be pleased to have in the Presidency, and whom therefore it might well—perhaps should—in consistency elect in due turn to the latter office.

I hesitate to add that much perverted term, Availability, as yet another reason for nominating Mr. Dawes; and yet in its better and legitimate sense it is not unworthy of such mention, and in "practical politics" it doubtless needs to be considered. And in that respect, surely he stands second to no other possible candidate. Always a loyal party man, even an "organization" man, he is free from factional affiliation or odium, but is an impartial representative of the whole Republican party. An American of Americans, he is singularly free from the taint of sectionalism, but belongs to the entire nation. Of New England ancestry, he belongs directly to the Middle West; while his record as a business man and national financier commends him to the East, and his sympathetic interest in agricultural welfare makes him equally acceptable to the Far West. Free, also, is he from those issues of "wet" or "dry", of creed, and of Klan, which are potentially vexatious to some other candidates.

So we come back to the original proposition, that the foremost reason for making him President is that he is the man he is—that he is Dawes. Personality, after all, is supreme; and if there is in this Republic a more vivid, vital, clean cut, commanding personality than his, no mention of it has been made in the canvass of Presidential candidates. The man who could smash the icons of fond tradition and lecture the Senate in its own Chamber, and who also could write of his own dead son a message that is an imperishable classic in the literature of the heart; the man who could direct "big business" and national finance, and then devote his own fortune to building homes for the aged poor; the man who could conduct slashing and victorious political campaigns, and then compose music in which masters and virtuosos delight—that man is a man after America's own heart.

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH MEXICO?

BY CHESTER T. CROWELL

THE government of Porfirio Diaz fell in 1911, and immediately the Mexican problem which had been dormant for a quarter of a century awoke and snarled. It has been growing worse ever since. At present there is little prospect of its solution. Fortunately, however, it is the sort of witches' cauldron that can smoke and sizzle almost indefinitely without causing war. It has been doing that ever since Venustiano Carranza assumed power (which was in 1916) although he has been dead several years. At first the re-awakened Mexican problem was little more than a matter of protection of lives and property, but year after year since then it has expanded in area, as well as grown deeper in principle. Merely to catalogue the issues pending today would present a sizable pamphlet. The very first issue, namely protection of life and property, which served as herald for the procession to follow, is still pending, and so are all the others that have arisen since Diaz fell. Not one has been settled.

Recently the Supreme Court of Mexico handed down a decision in the test case brought by the Mexican Petroleum Company of California. This case offered an opportunity to clear up the tangled oil rights problems and because the decision was, on its face, favorable to the American Company it was hailed as of the greatest importance. But in fact the big issues were not decided; decision was awarded on a point of less than secondary importance. The way is still open to decisions that would blast the hopes of American investors in Mexican oil lands. Nevertheless President Calles took prompt steps to amend the oil laws to conform with the decision on the minor point in question and this may be a good omen. Time will tell far better than any forecast made today. Little harm can result from taking an optimistic view. The cynical view, which is just as well supported by the facts, may be stated briefly as follows: Mexico

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needs money; the new American ambassador, Dwight W. Morrow, is a former partner in the banking firm of J. P. Morgan. Perhaps he may be induced by a show of good intentions to assist in negotiating a new loan. If not, the way is still open to undo all that the Supreme Court and the amended oil law have done . . . which is, as a matter of fact, very little.

There are two approaches to a statement of the Mexican problem as it exists today: One involves a discussion of numerous involved legal questions; the other, and to my way of thinking the better, is to go back of the legal problems and take up the conflicting points of view out of which they were evolved. Under the Diaz régime, which lasted more than a generation, approximately three billions of dollars of foreign capital were invested in Mexico. Of this sum about two-thirds were American. Mexico was the only foreign country in which Americans had invested heavily before the World War. Mexico had never before enjoyed such a long period of uninterrupted material development, nor for that matter such a long period of peace and stable government. By 1910 Mexican politicians were thoroughly tired of it and for an obvious reason; either they were in the Government or they weren't even recognized as politicians. Leadership and authority absolutely centred in one man, and by 1911 Diaz was more than eighty years of age. When the revolution broke he was ill. If he had ever designated his successor, doubtless that successor would have taken charge, but there was no crown prince. Men knew that when he died a scramble for office must ensue, and so they anticipated his death by a few years. They had no great real issues to present, so they proceeded to manufacture slogans likely to appeal to the people. One of these was "Mexico for the Mexicans", another was "Beware the Colossus of the North", meaning the United States. Two others that should be mentioned were "Land for the Landless" and "No Reëlection".

Every one of the slogans made a pleasing sound, but not one presented a constructive issue and all were destined to lead to difficulties. "Mexico for the Mexicans" was pure demagogery, because no one was trying to take Mexico away from the Mexicans. On the contrary the masses were profiting enormously from the large foreign investment attracted by stable Govern-

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ment. "Beware the Colossus of the North" was sheer idiocy. The American people as a whole felt the utmost good will toward Mexico and expressed it on every possible occasion, especially through their Government. They bought and paid a premium for Mexican bonds. They regarded the Mexican Government as one of the soundest on earth. So far from threatening the sovereignty of Mexico were they, that if the Mexican people themselves had applied for annexation, the proposal would have had no chance of favorable consideration. "Land for the Landless" did not present a feasible programme, for many reasons. First, Mexico is not primarily an agricultural country; only about ten or twelve per cent. of its area is naturally available for the plow. Most of Mexico's wealth takes some other form than arable land. Secondly, if all of the land available had actually been divided among the people, they would not have had the necessary skill to wrest a living from it; neither did they possess the necessary tools or capital. "No Reëlection" did not present an honest issue, because all Mexican Governments had held power solely by force of arms. That is true to the present day and will be true indefinitely. The unique innovation Diaz introduced was that he held power longer than any other man before him or since. Popular elections as they are understood in the United States were not possible in his day nor are they now. More than half of the people were illiterate and they still are. Elections in Mexico have always been decided by force of arms, and the latest one has just been so decided by wholesale executions. Therefore to call for an election meant simply to call for civil war. So much for the slogans.

But the evil that men utter lives after them. A great many young Mexican leaders of about the rank that we would associate with the office of State Senator really came to believe that foreign capital was gobbling up the whole country, and their mistake was quite natural. Having no scientific or technical knowledge, they could not realize how vast were the still untouched resources of their country. If they saw a mine in operation it seemed to be owned by Americans, English, French, or Germans. Railroads were operated by Americans and English. To the unscientific observer Mexico might easily have appeared even then to be

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already gobbled, hoof, hide and horns, by the foreigners. Such a situation would quite naturally wound patriotic pride.

President Madero, who succeeded Porfirio Diaz, was concerned principally about democratic institutions. He believed that the Constitution could be followed to the letter and that the people were ready for actual self government. He was violently and quickly and fairly easily overthrown by General Victoriano Huerta, who would probably have emulated Diaz if the United States Government had given him a chance. Instead, a new principle with regard to Latin American relations was promulgated by President Wilson, namely, that no Government that came in by force of arms (and in this case it included assassination also) would be recognized. That again threw the Presidency into the middle of the prize ring and another battle royal ensued. Pancho Villa would have emerged victorious had not President Wilson decided that he was not capable of organizing a Government, and therefore turned to Venustiano Carranza. Recognition, once granted, placed Villa in the position of a rebel against the *de jure* Government and his fortunes waned, but Carranza was frantically and fanatically anti-American and at the earliest opportunity, to be specific, in 1917, promulgated a new Constitution embodying all of the fears and hatreds and economic theories that had animated his military campaign. Beyond question the new Constitution was not legally adopted, but since that was no more possible than elections under Porfirio Diaz, the point may be dismissed. Suffice it to say that there were many men who adhered to the principles therein enunciated, no matter what they thought of Carranza. General Alvaro Obregon, who had commanded his armies and finally overthrew him, supported his Constitution. Likewise General Plutarco Elias Calles, who succeeded Obregon, did not admire Carranza but has done far more than Carranza to make his Constitution effective. During the years of his absurd Presidency General Carranza was the mouthpiece of anti-foreignism rather than the ruler of his country, for he never actually controlled one-third of its area.

The Constitution which he promulgated drew a line thirty to sixty miles behind the seashores and borders, prohibiting foreigners from owning land within these zones, presumably on the

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theory that invasion was imminent and gun emplacements or something of that sort might be planted there. The Carranza Constitution also prohibits foreigners from holding any property whatever unless they agree never to appeal to their home Governments for protection of their property rights. Obviously this is in conflict with all traditions of international intercourse. From the time this Constitution was promulgated the Mexican Government has attempted to make its provisions retroactive with regard to property. That, again, is contrary to international usage. The principle that applies here is that a government may do what it pleases about the future but cannot cancel lawful rights already acquired; more particularly if they were acquired by simple purchase on the part of one private citizen from another. That is the way virtually all American owned property in Mexico was acquired.

The Carranza Constitution not only prohibits or sharply restricts foreign ownership of land, but it prohibits the preaching of any religion by anyone except a Mexican. It provides that all mineral rights belong to the Nation and cannot be owned privately at all. The laws passed to enforce this provision state in effect that although you have bought worthless jungle land from a private owner for no other purpose than to explore it for petroleum, you will not own that petroleum even if you find it. You will merely lease from the Government the privilege of permitting the wells to flow and you will receive a percentage of the oil. The Constitution also provides that land shall not be held in large blocks. Holdings beyond a certain size may be broken up by force and distributed to the landless. In actual practice during the last five years this provision has been used to seize productive properties instead of large inactive land holdings. Productive properties have been opened to pillage and then abandoned. The law provides that persons whose lands are taken for distribution shall receive in payment bonds guaranteed by the Government. No such bonds have been issued, nor would they have any value if they were issued. To put the matter bluntly, men in disfavor were robbed of their properties and have no appeal.

The fundamental difficulty between the United States and

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Mexico does not rest, as so many persons have asserted, upon the incompatibility of Anglo-Saxon and Latin or Indian temperaments. The real difficulty is ignorance of the nature of modern business. If Mexico had been adequately supplied with first rate technical schools fifty years ago, there would never have been the slightest uneasiness about the extent of foreign holdings. And similarly if the Mexicans had had large industrial and commercial organizations of their own, they would have understood how very vulnerable these giants are when not protected by stable government and reassured by reasonable taxation. In the world in which we live today, no matter whether in Mexico, Pennsylvania, Persia, or England, big business is essential. The size of the unit in modern economic affairs has grown enormously. Therefore to be frightened by mere size stifles progress. The great masses of the Mexican people, as indeed of every other people, desire development, if they stop to think about the matter. Big business is no longer a boast, it is a necessity. This being true the wise administrator studies this mechanism upon which his daily comforts depend in order that he may deal with it intelligently. It must be taxed because it has more wealth than individuals. It must be regulated because it is more powerful than individuals. But it must also be protected, because in spite of its size, wealth, and power, it is as vulnerable as a soap bubble when taxed capriciously or exposed to violence.

In dealing with big business Mexico is now at just about that unhappy point which many Southwestern, Southern, and Middle Western States reached some fifty to thirty-five years ago. Capital was urgently needed, but it was both invited and damned at the same time. Business men invited it and politicians howled to the mob that its only purpose was to devour them. It was a wolf from Wall Street. That is about where Mexico stands today, but there is, in the case of Mexico and many other Latin American countries, an added difficulty in the fact that their resources require for development millions and tens of millions of dollars while our prairie States were able to get along with much less. Kansas, for example, could still support a large population if there were not an industry or railroad in the State. In Mexico there are populous areas which would be rocky deserts

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scarcely able to support a small herd of goats without the mines, ore reduction plants, and miles of copper cable carrying power across the mountains. There are vast areas of hard woods in Latin America that are valueless until railroads and seaports are constructed.

When General Carranza launched his campaign against foreigners in general and Americans in particular, he realized that Mexico could not very well stand alone in its new and extremely radical position. He therefore sent numerous emissaries to other Latin American countries, urging them to adopt the same legislation that he was placing in his new Constitution. He sent eloquent messengers with elaborate statements of his firm belief that it was the purpose of the United States to destroy the sovereignty of every nation from the Rio Grande to the Horn. I know of no reason to doubt that Carranza was honest in these beliefs. He was a small-minded country lawyer, full of theories on nearly any subject that stirs controversies. In short, he was a thoroughgoing fanatic. If he had not been fighting Americans he would have been doing battle lustily and wordily against something else. That was his type. He was not a Communist in the Russian sense, but he welcomed the aid of Russian Bolshevik agitators. They helped him in Mexico where there was no pretense whatever about their identity, and they helped his agents all over Latin America. He spent large sums of money for propaganda in this country at a time when schoolhouses were being closed all over Mexico for lack of funds to pay the teachers. But his battle has not been a failure. There is vigorous anti-Americanism now in every Spanish-speaking country on this side of the world.

Like all other humans we have made a record that is both good and bad. As a rule, however, where we went in to restore order and then remained it was because we could not find our way out. Who among us covets Haiti? Or Santo Domingo? Or Nicaragua? But how to get out? That is the problem. If our purposes were as imperialistic as reported we would not be in any of those countries. Costa Rica is in all things more valuable; while compared to Nicaragua, Salvador is a paradise of productivity and resources; but we have no trouble with them.

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Costa Rica is a model and a marvel of good government among Latin American republics and Salvador is a close second. Our clumsy rôle of grandmother to all of the other American republics used to be quite apparent to Latin Americans. Thousands of them laughed at us, a few of them feared us, and all welcomed our protection when they were in trouble with some European government. Our policy was open to debate. Since the Presidency of Carranza in Mexico, however, our attitude has not been open to debate. We are a villain. But this villain is now the richest country in the world and the time was never better for Latin America to be developing its resources. Europe was never an eager investor in Latin America. The United States always has been. If good will can be restored so that Latin America and the United States can see their problems eye to eye, there should ensue an unprecedented era of transition that in twenty-five years of prosperity would carry Latin America through developments which cost this country in its pioneer days at least fifty years of labor.

No matter how the numerous Mexican problems of today are settled, there looms in the background a much bigger one which relates to the future of all Latin America. Mexico enjoys great prestige among the Spanish-speaking American republics, largely because of the work of Porfirio Diaz and partly because of having the largest population of them all. The fact that the policies now being followed in Mexico have brought her to bankruptcy and untold suffering will not be very apparent elsewhere. Other reasons can be assigned. Why not persecution by the Colossus of the North? And that brings us to the crux of the matter. Latin America is at the forks of the road. Each country must choose whether it will follow Conservatism as exemplified in American economic practices, or the Mexican mixture of a Chinese wall and Socialism. Upon the issue depends the time required to make Latin America's place in the sun secure.

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"AL" SMITH AND THE SOLID SOUTH

BY GEORGE FORT MILTON

THE subject of this article is not whether "Al" Smith should or should not be nominated. It is not written either to support or to oppose the New Yorker's campaign. Its purpose is not to say that Mr. Smith is or is not fitted for the White House. It is merely to consider coolly, calmly and dispassionately his Electoral prospects in the Solid South.

Not long ago a distinguished Tammany politician indicated to me the States Mr. Smith was "sure to carry", "when nominated". They were: Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin and Missouri, and "of course" the Solid South. Let us momentarily disregard any debate as to any of these Northern States that the Smith group says it expects to win. These States together cast 211 Electoral votes, and in case Mr. Smith carries all of them, as his enthusiastic leaders insist he is sure to do, it is more or less redundant to devote space to discuss whether he can maintain the Solid South. To reach the grand total of 266 Electoral votes which he would need, Mr. Smith would have to secure only 55 more from the South.

But there is no unanimity of opinion as to Smith's certainty of winning all these Northern States. For the sake of argument, let us assume that as a "wet" candidate for President he would carry the principal wet States of the North—Rhode Island, New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Wisconsin and Missouri. On this basis, he would start South with 103 Electoral votes, and to reach the necessary 266, would need 163 additional.

The total vote of the fourteen Southern States, including Maryland and Kentucky, is 157, or six less than Governor Smith would need. So, again for the sake of argument, we had better allot him another Northern State which his advocates claim his wetness will greatly attract—let us say the State of Pennsylvania.

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Conceding him Pennsylvania, with 38 Electoral votes, he has a margin of 32, if he holds fast to all the States of the South.

Many years ago there was a pungent saying that the Southern people believed fundamentally in three things: "Hell, Calomel, and the Democratic Party." Today even calomel has gone a little out of style, a few folks South of the Potomac are unconvinced of Hell, and the Democratic Party is no longer altogether sacrosanct. To realize this last, one needs only to devote a little study to recent Southern elections. The figures disclose the startling fact that the South is not nearly so solidly Democratic as the North is Republican; and that the "Solid South" is a myth of the past.

In the Presidential election of 1924, in the New England States Mr. Davis received considerably less than half as many votes as President Coolidge. In Vermont he had only a fifth of the Coolidge total, in Maine a third, in Massachusetts just a shade over a third, and in Connecticut two-fifths. The grand total for all New England was: Coolidge 1,330,342; Davis, 583,284; LaFollette, 212,160. The Democratic and Progressive candidates together had only fifty-five per cent. of the vote given to Coolidge. Nor was this a new disparity; in the same New England States in 1920 Harding had received 1,317,597 votes to 595,016 for Cox. In the next tier of Northern States (Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Maryland, Michigan, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin) the Coolidge vote ran about two and a half times the Davis vote. In fact, in these States Mr. Coolidge had 2,700,000 more votes than Davis and LaFollette together. The figures were: Coolidge 8,568,569; Davis, 3,584,934; LaFollette 2,365,934. The 1920 disparity was about the same proportions in these States, Mr. Harding's 7,768,197 being 488,333 more than double the vote for Governor Cox.

In Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin the Coolidge vote was more than twice the Davis vote. In Michigan, it was six to one, Wisconsin five to one, Pennsylvania better than three to one, Ohio and Illinois almost three to one. In New York the Coolidge vote of 1,820,058 was eighty per cent. more than the Davis vote, and "Al" Smith was able to carry only three counties in his own State.

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This cursory survey of Northern election figures gives a glimpse of a political condition which has been becoming more apparent, both relatively and numerically, for the last several Presidential elections. It means that today the most formidable sectional bloc in the Nation's political composition is not the famous "Solid South" but the almost unlabelled Republican "Solid North". The percentage of votes cast for Democratic Presidential candidates has shown an almost constantly decreasing curve of strength in the last eight elections in six important Northern States. A brief table is worth a glance:

State	1896	1900	1904	1908	1912	1916	1920	1924
New York	41	45	44	43	43	47	30	29
New Jersey	38	43	40	41	42	44	30	21
Pennsylvania	38	38	29	38	35	43	29	19
Connecticut	30	42	40	38	42	48	35	30
Massachusetts	28	40	39	37	37	48	29	25
Illinois	43	45	35	42	40	45	27	23

But here is the startling thing revealed by a study of recent elections: The Solid South is not so disproportionately Democratic as the Solid North is in the hands of the G. O. P. In 1924, Mr. Coolidge's total Southern vote was considerably more than half that of the Democratic nominee. In Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, and West Virginia, the President received a total of 1,547,422 votes; Mr. Davis amassed 2,364,468. Mr. Coolidge carried Kentucky and West Virginia. His Tennessee total was more than eighty per cent. of the Davis vote; in North Carolina seventy per cent.; in Virginia better than half, and in all other Southern States except Mississippi and South Carolina the Republican vote was healthy and strong.

It can truly be said that, compared to the rock-ribbed Republican North, the Solid South is a quivering mass of political jelly, a quite insubstantial foundation upon which to build Tammany's White House hopes. This can best be realized when one critically considers the returns from Southern States in the last two Presidential elections. The figures of 1920, when there was no Third Party to disrupt the normal alignments, are particularly

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significant, while those of the three-cornered scrap of 1924 likewise deserve attention.

Harding's Alabama vote of 74,690 was very substantial, and proves the existence of a considerably greater Republican strength than could have been accumulated by any mere Federal patronage machine. It was more than forty-five per cent. of the Cox total, a far greater percentage than Cox received in many "debatable" States. Four years later the combined Coolidge and La-Follette vote maintained the same percentage of that cast for Davis. Alabama is by no means "hopelessly Democratic".

The Arkansas figures are even more surprising: Over 71,000 votes for Harding and a Cox majority of only 36,291. Just think of it! A change of 18,146 votes in Arkansas would have given that State to the Republicans. A shift of ten per cent. of the total vote is not an unusual political change for any State. Four years later the Davis vote exceeded the combined Coolidge-LaFollette total by only 31,000. So, it is obvious that Smith in Arkansas would not enjoy any runaway.

The Florida Republican vote of 44,853 in 1920, about half the Cox figures, indicated a healthy minority party in that State. Four years later the Coolidge-LaFollette totals were 7,000 more than half of the Davis figures. The non-Democratic vote of Florida has been rapidly increasing in recent years, through the great influx of Northern residents. Florida Republicans are now claiming that they can take that State away from Smith.

Even in darkly Democratic Georgia, Harding received 45,000 popular votes, and carried the city of Atlanta, and a number of counties in the State.

When one comes to Kentucky, he is confronted with an almost hopeless situation for Smith. Governor Cox's majority in that State in 1920 was only 4,000 out of 908,000 votes; really not a comfortable margin for any Democratic nominee to confront. Four years later it was completely wiped out, and Mr. Coolidge carried the State by 24,000. In the fall of 1927 the Republicans gave a foretaste of their strength by electing a Governor of the State.

One cannot see how Smith could lose Mississippi under any circumstances that could be contrived. In 1920 Harding re-

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ceived only 11,576 votes there, to 69,277 for Governor Cox. Four years later the Republican vote was 3,000 smaller, while the Democratic vote had grown to 100,000. Such a disparity seems utterly incurable, and although by a reduced margin Smith should be certain to win this State. The late Henry L. Whitfield, at the time of his death Governor of Mississippi, believed that Smith would not carry it, but in view of the figures it is hard to substantiate any such belief.

In North Carolina, one finds a different situation. It has a substantial Republican section, and an economic drift in that direction. Many of the State's mountain counties were for Union in the Civil War, and the descendants of those hardy blue coats of '61–'65 have inherited their Republicanism in an ineradicable form. In 1920, Harding had a total vote in North Carolina of 232,848 against Cox's 305,447. There were only 73,000 votes difference between them, and a change of 36,500 would have lost North Carolina to Governor Cox. Out of the total vote of 538,000, seven per cent. is not a safe margin. In 1924, the Coolidge vote was close to the 200,000 mark. All in all, North Carolina would be clearly debatable, if the Democratic nominee were a Tammany "wet".

Oklahoma gave Harding 27,000 majority, and four years later gave Davis the same. Oklahoma is highly debatable, and its Democrats have been acutely unfriendly to the "wets". In view of the normal even balance of the two parties, one fails to see much hope there for Smith.

Mathematically it is utterly impossible to credit South Carolina to any one save the Democratic nominee, even if he be "Al" Smith. In 1920, Harding secured only 2,600 votes in that State against 64,170 for Governor Cox. In 1924 the Republican votes were even more pitiful; only 1,123 for Coolidge. South Carolinians are "yellow dog" Democrats—they will vote for any one bearing the party name. Yet here is a curious thing about it. Within the last twelve months several prominent South Carolina leaders have told me that "Al" Smith could not carry their State! These leaders include two ex-Governors and two editors. It passes belief that any Democrat could lose it, for South Carolina is a "yellow dog" Democratic State.

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Smith would have a very difficult time in Tennessee. For decades it has had two Congressional Districts so strongly Republican that Democrats scarcely ever run for Congress in them at all. Five Republican Congressmen were elected in 1920, and Cordell Hull was retired from the House for a single term. In that same year Harding won Tennessee by 13,000 majority, out of 425,000 votes. Four years later the Tennessee Republicans were badly disorganized and were split in a bitter factional feud, so that Davis gathered 18,000 votes more than were cast for Coolidge and LaFollette, and carried the State. But Tennessee is not friendly to the "nullification" movement and is not at all likely to go to "Al" Smith. The normal Democratic majority is small enough, even with an acceptable candidate, and would be wiped out with a Tammany "wet".

The normal party disparity in Texas is enormous. Harding received less than one-half the Cox vote. Coolidge and LaFollette together were only about two-fifths of the Davis vote. But the test would be somewhat truer in the State elections of that same year, when "Ma" Ferguson was a candidate and the Democrats were outraged at her choice. She won the election, but her opponent, a Republican professor of standing, polled within a hundred thousand of "Ma's" vote. Such a sagacious and sure-footed politician as Thomas B. Love, of Dallas, formerly Democratic National Committeeman, says that a Smith nomination would be more obnoxious to Texas Democrats than that of "Ma" Ferguson, and that Texas would not go for the Tammany man. Yet on the basis of past performances, the chances are that Smith would win.

Virginia cast 87,456 votes for Harding, 27,224 less than was received by Governor Cox. One Virginia district is conventionally Republican,—Bascom Slemp's famous "Bloody Ninth",—and the party is strong throughout the State. Smith might win it, but only after a real fight.

West Virginia showed constant Republican returns both in 1920 and 1924. A Smith victory in West Virginia would be a miracle; and the age of miracles has gone.

If one should seek a formula as to the likely results of a Smith candidacy in a Presidential election in the South, a good rule of

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thumb might be: Governor Smith would surely carry those Southern States in which the Republican party was merely an appanage of federal pay-rollers; those States in which there was some substantial Republican party of members by inheritance or economic viewpoint would be dangerously debatable; and the Border States would be almost impossible for Governor Smith to win. On this formula, if Smith were the nominee, he would certainly lose Tennessee, Kentucky, and Oklahoma, or 35 Electoral votes. He would probably lose Arkansas, North Carolina and Virginia, a total of 33 more Electoral votes. The Tammany candidate would have a hard fight in Alabama, Georgia and Texas, with probability of victory, but possibility of defeat. It is impossible to see how Governor Smith could lose Louisiana, Mississippi or South Carolina. If the loss of 68 Southern Electoral votes would be a blow to Smith's Presidential prospects, he had better beware of the South. If he can win without these 68 Southern Electors, he need not care what the South might do.

It may be asked: Why should Smith be in danger of losing Southern Electoral votes? Four phases of his political record and position would alienate Southern voters. These are:

First, he is notoriously "wet". His legislative career was marked by a constant opposition to "dry" legislation. He instigated and signed the New York repeal of the Mullan-Gage Act. He has given vent publicly to his longing for a return of the foaming stein and brass rail. At a Democratic dinner at the Vanderbilt Hotel on April 24, 1922, when party policy was being discussed, Smith gave an insight into his position with this remark: "I don't believe the Democratic Party should camouflage on this subject. The Democratic Party is a saloon party, and everybody knows it is a saloon party, and it ought to come out and say so." This attitude, so well known that no last minute conversion to the "sacred duty" of law enforcement can alter the public interpretation of it, may be helpful to Smith in the Tammany boroughs, and may aid him in other "wet" parts of the East, but it is the gravest obstacle for him to overcome in the South.

Second, he is a Tammany product. There have been many recent attempts to portray the Tiger as now being clad in a tuxedo,

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but the South hasn't been greatly impressed by them. Tuxedo or no, the Tammany Tiger is the Tiger still, and is not popular south of the Mason and Dixon line. In the dictionary of American politics there is no word surer in connotation of political infamy, graft and misrule than Tammany. Whether or not this be a libel on the present New York organization, there is no doubt that the South feels this way.

Third, Smith is not looked upon as a liberal and progressive, but as a machine politician who has been extremely successful in the treadmill of machine politics in New York City and State; a politician who has devised attractive political catchwords, and been elected thereby; a man who has capitalized his major disadvantages, and converted them into political assets, one of the first marks of the politician and last of the statesman.

Fourth, there is a feeling that Smith has not the social and educational background to make a success as President of the United States; that he is not equipped with the vision or training to handle vast international diplomatic problems, or to cope with great national needs; that he is Manhattan minded and not Nationally minded.

Many of Smith's "wet" followers will not admit that any one in the South can be against the Governor for any reason other than his Catholic faith. Of course, intolerance is an element everywhere; in the South, as well as in the East and West. But it is today less of an element in the South than it is in Ohio or Indiana, Massachusetts or New York State. It is not Smith's religion which the South holds against him. Rum, not Rome, is the real stumbling-block.

A Smith nomination might be interesting, merely to see how the South would react. It might mean the definite disintegration of this historic Democratic bloc. In some ways this might be an advantage, for it would stimulate Southern political thought. The South needs a political shake-up, and undoubtedly we would get it from the protest over the Tammany "wet".

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OUR SERIO-COMIC UNDERGRADUATES

BY GEORGE R. MacMINN

To the taxpayer, and the tuition payer, and the contributor to endowment funds, the problems of college teaching ought to be as interesting as to the teachers themselves. The beautiful simplicity of the process by which Dr. Johnson learned Latin is a lost boon. "My master whipped me very well. Without that, sir, I should have done nothing." In the main the temper of the present time is too liberal for any such severity. A gentle birching of a sort, perhaps, now and then, but no raising of welts. We esteem an ounce of cajolery to be worth a pound of coercion. We appreciate the irony in the Earl of Chatham's "atrocious crime of being a young man". Where coeducation rules we especially count it no crime for one to be a young woman.

Nevertheless there is current a good deal of complaint to the effect that our college boys and girls—or, as they insist on being called, men and women—are allowed to be too frivolous, too ignorant, too learned in the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*. When these gay young people attain the present age of their parents, they may sigh as heavily as Dr. Johnson, who, at fifty, confessed to the "sad but true" reflection that he had known almost as much at eighteen as he did then. But they certainly cannot agree with him that "human life is everywhere a state in which much is to be endured, and little to be enjoyed." There are still a few old fashioned parents who fancy that the modern porches of learning have become generally *front* porches, with swings and easy chairs; they fancy there is some need of wood chopping in the back yard, some honest labor in the kitchen.

If our undergraduates deserve the charges preferred against them, it is undoubtedly a grave matter. There are so many of these ignorant young people who are having a good time! It is only a few years since you could hope for a quite satisfactorily ear stunning body of rooters at the games from an enrolment of

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a paltry two or three thousand. But now—well, there is an epidemic of stadium building upon us, and yet even so it looks as if by the time our younger children are ready for college the age of super-stadia must have begun. At one university the incoming class recently was so large that the sophomores, in pursuit of their time honored duty of persecuting their inferiors, offered the small boys of the neighborhood a bounty of ten cents on every freshman apprehended.

A caustic type of professor blandly points out that college problems would be greatly simplified if there were no students. It is notorious that many scholars are niggardly of the time and attention demanded by mere undergraduates. Let the small fry, the instructors and assistants, take care of the chores; the productive scholar must be a free man. A certain distinguished professor, author of "important" books, once even went so far as to observe, indignantly, contemptuously, indelicately, that teaching undergraduates was like teaching children how to take care of their own noses.

It is fatuous to generalize disparagingly in all things about college students. Take for example a class in English literature at an institute of technology. The professor is reading aloud from *Othello*, sinking himself as dramatically as he can in each character, doing his best to stir an audience of young men who, though not actively resistant, are yet somewhat skeptical in their response. There is nothing torpid about that one fellow down in the middle of the room. He hangs on every word. Apparently the terrible beauty of the story has transported him. His face is knotted with a "wild surmise". At last he can contain his anxiety no longer. The reader has paused for breath, and suddenly the student cries out: "Was this guy *BLACK*?" Who shall say that here is not a first tender sprout of that virtue laden plant which we call intellectual curiosity?

Another student surreptitiously brings to the literature class a gopher snake, with which he quite successfully diverts himself and his neighbors in defiance of all literary lures. But a third is detected, some hours after his mind has sustained the impacts of poetic frenzy, furtively creeping from the library with an Æschylus under his coat. He dreads the contumely that his

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fellows will inflict upon anyone who flirts openly with the "high-brow stuff", but an idea has got hold of him and perhaps he can sneak it through. He will be lucky if his roommate is this fourth man, who has just read Hardy's *Tess* twice over. The Hardyite is late in submitting his written report because, forsooth, at the first reading (as he finally blurts out) he "could not stand the ending—it was too awful a thing to happen!" With the second reading he has drawn an elaborate outline of the plot to convince himself of the story's irrefutable logic.

In some ways almost all undergraduates are alike. They are practically unanimous in their worship of athletes, and in their jealous observance of college customs. As for the enemies of frenzied athletics, they were surely given their *coup de grâce* not long ago in the establishment (according to credible report), at one of the great State universities, of a course in football, for credit, and open to all students without distinction of sex.

Towards college customs the general attitude is one of reverent watch and ward. A single example will suffice. The student (or member of the faculty, whether alumnus or not) who does not spring to his feet—and if the occasion demands, uncover, and sing (or at least convincingly make the labial motions of singing) —whenever the strains of the college or university hymn strike the air, might just as well go forthwith and hang himself—unless he can brook the suspicion and open condemnation of the undergraduate. A fine fury, beautifully restrained, must have burned in a certain famous professor, one of the noblest of men and most loyal, a great scholar and a brilliant lecturer, when, just as he attained, perhaps, the climax of his hour, his students, heedless of his winged words, would rise with punctilious solemnity and stand with owlish gravity at attention, for the reason that the chimes in the campus tower had broken out with the sacred song of Alma Mater.

The seriousness, however, with which the undergraduate takes athletics and college customs is only one phase of a larger consideration. If we elders, whatever the degree of our own ignorance, are to be critical of academic youth, if we must try to cover our own nakedness by compelling the new generation to eat of the Tree of Knowledge, then we must ask what we send these

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boys and girls to college for, and we must endeavor to be at once merciful and just in estimating the success of the enterprise.

Sectarian institutions in the nature of things make a great point of character building; State institutions allow that element of education to take care of itself. In any case it is largely a by-product of the academic process. The student himself very often looks after the matter, quite unconsciously, by the simple practice of earning the whole or a part of his way through. Amazing are the kinds of talent, the ingenuity, daring, energy, and pluck shown in this busy life outside of studies, dances, dramatics, athletics, and what not. One man poses for the head and figure at an exclusive studio; another is an expert cook, and a marvel at pastries; another manufactures toys; another draws cartoons for an advertising agency. A student who is clever enough may recuperate his financial health by playing chess on wagers against "addicts" at a wealthy club. Many a man, and sometimes even a "coed," will carry on outside work without being obliged by circumstances to do so at all. For good or ill, this is certainly one of the student's chief ways of making his character.

Another way lies in the functions of student government. College democracy is rather more preached and prated about than strictly practised; but it is generally a vital reality in the self government upon which undergraduate bodies now universally insist. An amusing and probably harmless simulation of politics, a kind of satirical play upon the errors, follies, and iniquities of popular government, enters into this phase of college life. But when it comes to the arraignment and punishment of offenders against the honor system or any other serious form of undergraduate law, the boys and girls evince a soberness and a sternness that sometimes lead them to almost cruel lengths.

The question of culture must give us painful pause. Our serio-comic undergraduates may be achieving something in the way of character, and they are surely having a good time. But are they getting any of that culture which a Princeton professor has described as "what is left when you've forgotten all you ever learned"? President Butler has specified the first three evidences of education as (1) correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue, (2) refined and gentle manners, and (3) the

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habit of reflection. Consider the lamentable case of one representative college man. At the end of a strenuous year this quite respectable student remorsefully declared that his vocabulary consisted of fewer than a hundred words. "And twenty-three of those," he added, "are profane." In the large the undergraduate cannot allow the English language to diminish his freedom. A student will sweat as much blood as he must to pass his courses in English. Once happily escaped, however, from these confines, he flings to the sportive winds what willy-nilly he has gained; thenceforward he massacres the innocents of grammar, spelling and the rest with bold, exultant hand. For this villainy he compensates (but scarcely atones) by creating, inventing, manufacturing, new broods of words and usages, his own peculiar lingo, of sound and fancy passing rich and strange.

Manners are like unto written and oral speech. At some institutions there is, for example, a disposition on the part of the undergraduate male to clothe himself in the oldest and messiest, the most vagabondish garb available. This fashion may be so sedulously affected as to take on the propriety of a virtue itself. One day a certain student, on the occasion of his having to make a report in class, astonished both his classmates and his instructor by appearing, for the first time, in stiff collar and tie, clean-shaven, and generally quite decent and "spruce". But at the end of the hour he made a point of apologizing to the teacher for being "dressed up"! An eloquent inconsistency, however, prevails in coeducational institutions, for an Oriental princess or a movie queen could hardly be more ravishingly arrayed than is many a "woman student", particularly if freshman or sophomore.

Another phase of college manners appears in relations between students and faculty. Some twenty years ago there still survived at one of the New England colleges, for example, three or four venerable professors who enjoyed the honor of being differentiated as "Pop". The appellation was an expression of reverence, with that touch of humorous subtraction in it which is the privilege of youth in its irrepressible mockery of age. There was hardly a man in college who did not doff his cap whenever he met on the campus one of these feared, and loved, and deeply respected teachers. It is true that a hurdy-gurdy man was hired

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to grind his instrument just outside the door of "Pop" Packard's zoölogy lecture-room; true also that the perpetrators of this and other crimes were ready to weep when news came of the old professor's death.

Veneration is a rare attribute nowadays. Familiarity, intimacy, even an unembarrassed approach to chumminess, are not uncommon in the behavior of the undergraduate towards certain instructors. Worst of all but most amusing is that practice of "vamping the prof", sternly and sincerely condemned by the leaders among women students, but carried on, nevertheless, by some of the more reckless of Eve's daughters. And alas! not every instructor is as incorruptible as one handsome, athletic young man who comes to mind. This estimable instructor suspected a lively young woman in his class of trying to flirt her way through the course. In order to put a stop to such roguery he requested her, one day, to remain at the end of the hour—he was determined to administer a crushing rebuke. The damsel remained, smilingly expectant of recognition for her charms. For several minutes the instructor ignored her; then, as if suddenly aware of her presence, and as if unable immediately to identify her, he asked sharply: "What is your name?" The young woman swayed languishingly towards the desk, and in her sweetest and demurest tone, replied, "Genevieve!"

There is nothing fundamentally wrong with our unmannerly undergraduate, and he is certainly one of the most vital creatures on earth. What Holmes said so aptly of Agassiz could fairly be said of many an undergraduate: "I cannot help thinking what a feast the cannibals would have if they boiled him." At any rate he is wont to make a fine assumption of physical indestructibility. Here is a representative fellow quite normally and pleasantly making his way across the campus of his New England college on a blustery winter day. He is clad scantily, according to the approved manner—low shoes, no waistcoat, no hat. Presently he happens to encounter one of his most venerable professors, a man who has suffered cruelly for years from asthma. The professor puts his two hands on the student's shoulders, wags his head apprehensively, and gasps out: "Young man, do you think all your friends will have time to come to your funeral?"

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What, then, of that habit of reflection which President Butler demands? The indictment made of the student characteristic of our place and time by Professor Perry of Harvard is this: "We don't want to learn, we want to be taught; we don't want to find out, we want to be shown." Lectures are much less formidable than laboratories. The fault belongs to easy going, uncritical democracy, whether inside of college or outside. But does the undergraduate never *think*? Is free intelligence the last utensil or ornament or even plaything that he cares about acquiring?

There is a line in one of the neglected poets, "He whistled as he went, for want of thought," that might seem to many a professor in his hours of defeat, to express the significance of the happy-go-lucky sophomore, say, who remains blithely "impervious to the infiltration of ideas". The student's mind may sometimes be like a soap bubble in that it catches light and takes on color; it is like it also in its quick collapse.

As a matter of fact these healthy, hearty, clever young people are singularly fond of *simulating* an indifference and an ignorance which cannot truly be charged against them. Many of them in spirit are like the superb loafer who, on his class day night, surcharged with emotion, weeps at having only one thing to be ashamed of in his college career, namely, his having "made" the honor society, Phi Beta Kappa! The typical undergraduate has a strong distaste for the medal. But that is far from saying that he is, or is willing to be accounted, a dunderhead.

Everybody knows that there are wide differences among the members of any college faculty in their ability to lead, coax, decoy, or drive their students up the hill of learning. Some teachers have a kind of radio-active capacity for emitting *gamma* as well as *alpha* and *beta* rays. They can penetrate almost any wall of mental or other resistance. There is a kind of professor who is like the positive nucleus in the atom. His class is the atom, its members are the negative electrons thereof, and he keeps them whirling about him by the very law that unlike electricities attract. It frequently happens that a student will "get" education in something like the same sense in which a person is said to "get" religion. The meaning of it suddenly in-

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vades him, carries him away. He is "converted". All the devils are cast out; he is a new man.

There are those who hold efficiency and information to be the third and the last of the objects of a college education. Students themselves are likely to put these ends first. The undergraduate normally attains a quite remarkable efficiency and a quite dumfounding quantity of information in peculiarly such matters as lie *outside* the immediate range of his studies. He will know very nearly all that can be known about an automobile, or about radio, or even, perhaps, about H. G. Wells. He may be editor of the literary monthly in college and an expert motor truck driver in vacations. Unless he really knows something and can really do something having little or no connection with his studies, he is a "poor prune". It is, however, a distressing fact that the undergraduate is often unwise, unlucky, unsuccessful in his choice of the course of study that will make the happiest and most useful man out of him. The reader may have seen George Morrow's picture of the *Consternation of Sir Aubrey*. At just the crucial moment when over the cliff there rises the three-headed dragon, Sir Aubrey becomes aware that his *Dragon-Slayer's Handbook* treats only of dragons with one head. The young college graduate is likely to find himself in a similarly parlous situation. And further to complicate matters, the experts bid us think of at least six things at once: remuneration, safety, healthfulness, personal suitability, social standing, advancement. Now, can we expect all that from all of our teeming thousands of lusty undergraduates?

Still, some philosophers maintain that the general welfare of an individual depends largely on his "ability to bounce in an unpredictable direction". Certainly our undergraduate acquires something of that ability. After all, it is not so much the "cinch" course that he seeks nowadays; it is the course with a "kick" in it. One student of engineering recently read Gibbon during a vacation, and enjoyed it. The undergraduate may sometimes seem to have his eye only on a lemon colored, low slung, racy roadster. But at least he knows how to drive. He is *serio*-comic. Whether he be a Yale man or not, "Light and Truth" may yet be his motto.

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THE LAND OF SOMETHING TO DO

BY ALICE PATTISON MERRITT

EMERSON says: "The law of nature is, Do the thing, and you shall have the power: but they who do not the thing have not the power." "Something doing" represents the ultimate objective of modern youth. This is not an indictment, but a fact; not a criticism, but an approbation. It proves that youth is not a liability, even in these days, but an asset. This laconic phrase is but a simpler way of expressing that much admired sentiment, "Let us then be up and doing, with a heart for any fate."

Over bridge tables, in golf foursomes, yes, even in the board meetings of some pet welfare project, wealthy mothers confide to their companions, "I don't know what in the world to do with Jane. She's only thirteen and wants to go to parties and dances and stay up till all hours of the night, but there doesn't seem to be anything a child of that age can do." Many a mother, obliged to work to secure her child's food and clothes, worries about the hours of leisure between school and bedtime, when the city streets or the movies furnish the only recreation possible. The girls themselves are constantly asking that irritating question, "What shall we do?" Our ability to answer this appeal wisely for girls between ten and eighteen will decide once and for all that other query, "What is the younger generation coming to?"

For decades parents have relied on the power of education to solve all problems of behavior or occupation. Mothers have determined that daughters should have not only a better education but also better times than they themselves have experienced. The ambition of some women, deprived of social opportunities, has been that their daughters should be "ladies", and they have made countless sacrifices to attain that end, so far as personal appearance and apparel were concerned. Akin to these are some of the daughters of wealth who have been trained to consider themselves superior by the mere fact of possessing a background of prosperity or culture. In the first instance, the accent was

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placed on education of the intellect; in the second, on the more superficial attributes of beauty of face or person and the adornment thereof. While trained intellects and the social graces are highly desirable in women, as the chief duty in life they are dust and ashes to the glowing heart and imagination of our growing girls. No set, cut-and-dried pattern of education and occupation will fit the needs of her growing spirit, any more than orthodox sizes of shoes, hats or dresses will fit her growing body. Mothers might well learn a lesson from the keen minds in the business world, which provide all sorts of articles of clothing adapted to the "growing girl". And the first step in this direction would be the resolution on the part of all mothers that "My daughter shall have a chance to be a better woman than I am."

Fortunately for the girls, many minds have been seeking some solution of this problem which would allow room for growth. One, which adjusts itself without a wrinkle to the growing bodies, minds and souls of all girls, regardless of race, rank or religion, provides a magic "Land of Something To Do" under the name of Girl Scouts. Discovered and charted by Sir Robert Baden-Powell and his sister, it was given the name of Girl Guides in England. The vision and devotion of Mrs. Juliette Low of Savannah transplanted the movement to this country in 1912, and she became the Founder of the Girl Scouts in America. Understanding clearly the deadly effect of red tape and too many rules, Sir Robert has defined the fundamental principle as follows:

> The Scout Movement is not an Organization, that is, a body controlled by rules, but a Movement that is a Brotherhood energized by the Spirit.

The many who know the value of this programme need no exposition of its methods or objects. Therefore, I shall assume the attitude of the reader to be similar to that of the president of a service club in our city, now an ardent admirer and supporter of Girl Scouts. After his conversion to this point of view, he confessed his former prejudices:

> I had taken it for granted that the girls wore a uniform because they thought it becoming, and hiked through the streets to the woods or country for a picnic, led by some old maid who had more time and money than she knew what to do with.

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Recognizing that the standard of womanhood which every girl in her heart desires to reach is that of wholesome, happy, healthy wifehood and motherhood, the Girl Scout programme is threefold: striving for physical, moral and spiritual *fitness through action*. In other words, "growing by doing". As it is the province of the home, the school and the church to promote respectively the formation of character, the training of the intellect and the inculcation and cultivation of spiritual beliefs, so it is the province of this comparatively new movement to aid all three of these institutions by providing activities which develop a sense of personal responsibility in the individual. In a broad sense, its sphere is to develop and strengthen character, which shall enable the individual to direct the trained mind, and translate religious beliefs into daily action in contact with family and companions. This may seem a large order with girls in their early teens. It is. But with youth, the higher the aim, the greater the attraction and the brighter the hope of accomplishment.

The principal attraction which the Scout programme has for girls lies at first in the absolute freedom of choice. No one becomes a Girl Scout save by her own wish. In all other spheres of action open to girls of this age there stands another personality, the figure of authority in parent, teacher or superior, whose responsibility it is to see that duties are done, lessons learned or discipline enforced. In Scoutland girls choose their citizenship, pledge loyalty, obedience and service, and the responsibility for achievement or discipline rests on their own shoulders. The outgrowth of such citizenship is the awakening of the girl to an acceptance of her own active share of responsibility in preserving the integrity of home life, in serving the community and in striving to live up to the conception of her religious beliefs.

Although there is no relation of superior to inferior, of teacher to pupil, of adult to child, in the ranks of the Girl Scouts, there is the relation of Leader. Coupled with the value of good companions is the vital essential of inspired and joyous leadership. The ideal Leader is the one who plays the game with her girls, who points the way and takes it. She does not command, she invites. Because of the innate desire of childhood to do as "the rest of the girls" are doing, the invitation is accepted where a

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command would be unheeded. This plan stimulates understanding, coöperation and growth. Thus in the joy of companionship, the example of a loved personality again rises triumphant over precepts and the result has been demonstrated over and over again in development of individual character. The only way by which the United States of America can fulfil her destiny, triumph over the dangers of prosperity and avoid the ultimate fate of all previous experiments in democracy is by the cultivation of character by her people. Neither popular education of the masses, scientific inventions or unprecedented wealth will save her. As long ago as 1921, the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts rendered this vital decision:

> Mere intellectual power and scientific achievement, without uprightness of character, may be more harmful than ignorance. Highly trained intelligence combined with disregard of the fundamental virtues is a menace.

The Girl Scout in her new citizenship learns self government, self reliance and self control by associating with others in a community of action, but the chief motive is that she may fit herself to serve others, and thereby unselfishness becomes a habit.

While the foregoing paragraphs set forth the intent and the result of the programme, it is with absolute indifference to either or both that the girl chooses to be a Girl Scout. The first and most potent appeal to her is the attraction of the out-of-door activities, hiking and camping, and this is the aspect with which the public is most familiar. All-day and over-night hikes, weeks-on-end in tents or lean-tos, swimming, learning the birds, the trees, the flowers by name, confirm the girl in the knowledge that a healthy body and active mind are more to be desired than much fine gold. This is the why of camps, hikes, nature quests and studies of the heavens. Those girls fortunate enough to have witnessed at camp, night after night, the glorious pageant of the skies, while trying to qualify as a "Star Gazer" need no explanation of the imagery of the Psalmist when he exclaimed—

> The heavens declare the glory of God,
> And the firmament sheweth His handiwork.

In pioneer days women and girls were equally active with their

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brothers and husbands while building the Nation, but when the need was over it was decreed by either men or custom that females should "sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam". Boys and men traveled the forest paths and dreamed by deep pools and rushing rivers under the camouflage of "hunting and fishing", feeling the necessity of covering up their love and need of communion with nature. Women have much for which to be thankful that in the great readjustment now taking place, the freedom of the open spaces has been conferred upon the feminine sex. The final judgment, "Woman's place is in the home," which formerly closed to women all spheres of activity but domestic duties, really meant to mankind that she belonged in the house, sewing, cooking, scrubbing and mending, in other words, a "housekeeper". The Girl Scout conception is that girls and women are "homemakers", and in order to serve those they love, they must have robust health.

As home is where the heart is, a woman is just as truly serving her home when tramping the woods with husband and children, playing tennis or golf with them or off on a camping trip, as when mending stockings, washing dishes or making beds while they are at work or in school. So out-of-door training serves the home. A good home is as fundamentally essential to the lives of boys and men as it is to the lives of women and girls. We must not ignore the fact that any movement serving to build nobler, finer women is of vital importance to fathers, husbands and brothers. When we "invest in boyhood" we reap our dividends in "better manhood". However, in the twinkling of an eye, an idle, weak, vain woman can wreck a strong man's home and life. Bad, evil women become mothers of men as well as strong, good women. On the adults of this generation rests four square the responsibility of providing inspiration for youth through example, ideals and opportunities which shall result in nobler womanhood and finer manhood "fitted to serve" in guarding and enhancing the traditions our great citizens of the past have entrusted to the present generation.

However, by far the greatest number of Joyous Things To Be Done are in connection with the home and community. It is easy when one is glowing with a consciousness of real companion-

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ship, or "group activity", if you like, to wash dishes or clothes, to sew, cook or can vegetables and fruits, knowing the rest of the girls are doing the same things. The sense of companionship and achievement, with assurance of recognition and appreciation, furnishes the inspiration. The proficiency badges are but a symbol of good habits formed, the diplomas given for knowledge which has actuated deeds. Growth is measured by acts accomplished, not facts accumulated. Records of the Girl Scout National Research Bureau prove this statement. Over sixty per cent. of all badges worn for proficiency in doing things last year belonged in the Homemaking and Health groups. The most popular occupation was that of cook, closely followed by health winner, laundress, hostess, first aid, home maker, home nurse and needlewoman. This seems to dispose of the popular belief that such occupations are distasteful to the modern girl. It also proves that, given something to do which really needs doing, almost any girl will work out her own salvation.

Working in the troops or patrols, which form the group units, the girls accomplish many constructive pieces of service in a community. In one city the girls annually fold, seal and stamp from fifteen to twenty thousand letters to do their share in the war against tuberculosis. Another group furnished eighteen girls each week during a long, hot summer to assist the nurses in the Babies' Health Stations. A suburban group, less than three months after it was organized, furnished over two hundred articles, such as knitted hoods, jackets and socks, dresses and petticoats, for needy children in institutions. But the most noticeable thing about these achievements was the pure, unadulterated joy the girls had in doing it. Henry Van Dyke says:

> The worlds in which we live at heart are one,
> The world "I am", the fruit of "I have done";
> And underneath these worlds of flower and fruit,
> The world "I love,"—the only living root.

Loving, living and serving, Leaders and Girl Scouts alike look deep into the heart of things and discover that this wonderful "Land of Something To Do" is, after all, but a Way of Living.

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DOERS OF THE WORD

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

NESTLING among the clear-cut Attic hills by the side of the Ægean Sea, lies Athens. From that little city came much of our modern civilization, our art, our philosophy, our science. Marvelous as these achievements are, they are not as remarkable as the governmental record of that city. For nearly seventy years Athens was a democracy. She had no King, no President, no Prime Minister. She was governed by the general assembly of all her citizens. During those years she built and maintained a sea empire. The wonder is, not that she fell, but that she was able to achieve what she did.

It was the quality of the average Athenian which made her triumphs possible. Nicias, one of her Generals, said: "It is men that make the city, not walls or ships." If he had said, "and therefore our constant care must be our children, for on them depends the future of the State," he would have spoken a truism that is too often neglected.

In this country we are beginning to appreciate this and to take intelligent thought for the children. Quite properly this first took the form of providing education for all. From it grew that greatest of American governmental institutions, the public school. For years we felt we had done all that was necessary for the children by giving them educational opportunities. We felt that our responsibilities were ended when we gave to the boys and girls an opportunity to learn the "Three R's" with trimmings. Then it began gradually to dawn on us that we had only half done our work. There was an equally important problem to solve, the children's leisure.

In the old times in this country this leisure was fairly well cared for by the conditions in which boys and girls lived. The cities and towns were small, the country was wild, and the boys could hunt and fish. In those days also children worked when

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out of school. The chores around the house took up much of their spare time.

Now all has changed. Cities and towns have increased to fabulous size. The country is settled and wild life is scant. Most children have no work. The average boy does not know what the word chore means. The problem of the leisure of the average boy is therefore of vital consideration. A boy is not contemplative. He wants action. He has an aching void inside of him which must be filled with some interesting, exciting occupation. If it is not filled with an occupation that is helpful, he will fill it with one that is harmful. Our problem is to supply the right kind of play for the out of school hours. We must have that play not only wholesome but attractive. There is no organization that does this so successfully as the Boy Scouts of America.

Scouting is not an old institution in this country. It has been going less than twenty years, but today there are approximately 800,000 active members of the movement. It is difficult to know where to begin in describing it. Perhaps it is best to start with the creed. The Scouts may well claim that they have preëmpted the motto of the blind King of Bohemia at Agincourt, *Ich dien*—I serve. Service is the base on which the organization stands.

The vast majority of the Scouts are formed into Troops. These never exceed the number of boys that it is possible for one man to oversee intelligently. In command of each troop is a Scoutmaster, who is a grown man.

In the Troop there are various grades of Scouts, as there are various grades in an army. The Troop has its troop activities. It has its meetings. It trains for competitions. It goes on hikes. It camps out. From every one of these activities the boys get good fun and character training. By troop action they learn team work. Through camping and hiking they not only build their health, but many other things besides.

There are many people who have no idea of what may be learnt by camping. They think of it as mere pleasure. That is not the case. In the woods the boy or man shows quickly his real character. Under rough physical conditions weak spots as well as strong spots show up.

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When all of us were little, father used to take us camping in much the same fashion as the Boy Scouts go camping now. I am sure that on those trips,—often only a day in length,—we learned many of the lessons that have stood by us in life. For example, we would be hiking and a child would develop a blister on his foot. Father would find that the boy had had a nail in his boot before starting, and had not fixed it. There was an illustration to hand of the result of carelessness. Not only that, but if the child whined, there was the chance to drive home the necessity of bravery. Perhaps we might be cooking supper; two little boys would scuffle and kick sand into the frying-pan. At once my father would bring them up with a round turn and tell them of lack of thought for others. Later on we might be sitting around the fire eating our supper. One child would grab for the best pieces of food. There was a chance for an object lesson on selfishness.

From this it might seem as if we had preachy camping trips. We did not. They were delightful. Every one of us would rather have gone with father on one of them than have done anything else. The lessons came naturally and in such fashion that we recognized their justice and now remember them.

Today we, in our turn, are finding that camping trips for our own children play much the same part in their lives. The 800,000 Scouts today get from their camping and hiking a great deal that we did from these trips with my father.

So much for camping and the ordinary troop work. There are also many individual activities in which the boys engage. There are seventy-six different kinds of merit badges. They are given for work of many types. For example, to name a few—architecture, astronomy, bird study, blacksmithing, electricity, journalism, photography, personal health. To qualify a boy has to pass the stiffest kind of examination. Often at meetings of the National Executive Committee I have protested that certain of these examinations were too hard. I know that the grown members of that Committee could not pass many of them. The answer has always been that the boys do pass them, and value the distinction more when they know it comes only after hard work. To give an idea of just how difficult these tests are, I am going to

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quote a couple. In order to obtain a merit badge for journalism, as a part of the test a boy must—

1—Write articles covering:
- *a*—a news incident
- *b*—a routine club meeting
- *c*—a publicity article
- *d*—a human interest story
- *e*—an editorial
- *f*—secure the publication in some established newspaper of at least one of these articles.

2—Read and correct proof, using the conventional proofreader's signs.

3—Submit copy for photographic or cartoon illustrations for publication.

4—Present a dummy ready for the printer representing one issue of an eight-page paper, magazine, catalogue or circular.

5—Explain what steps are taken to copyright a manuscript, and tell what rights are granted for a copyright for what period.

These are only some of the requirements for obtaining a merit badge for journalism.

To obtain a merit badge for forestry, among other things, a Scout must—

1—Identify twenty-five kinds of trees when in leaf, or fifteen kinds of broad-leaf trees in winter.

2—Collect and identify ten different kinds of wood.

3—Collect and identify seeds of fifteen different trees.

4—Establish a nursery and grow forty seedlings of four different varieties.

5—Lay off a plot of a quarter-acre in the woods and tag all trees that should be removed in order that they may be utilized and allow the remaining trees to make better growth. Identify each tree and give the reason for removing or leaving it.

These illustrations that I have given are selected at random. I have given them in order to show that scouting has a wide and diversified educational aspect.

Above all, the Scouts have a high morale. They are always proud to be members of the corps and guard its honor jealously. There is no doubt that *noblesse oblige* did much in the past to make men toe the mark in proper fashion. In the same way Scout honor has made many a little shaver do what he did not wish because he knew it was what was expected of him.

Every day brings its record of civic duty performed by the Boy Scouts. When there is a national disaster, the Scouts are

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always there, ready to play their part. Time and again the authorities have wondered at the competent obedience of a crowd of khaki-clad boys.

At Clarksburg, Mississippi, skin grafts voluntarily given by the Troops saved the life of a badly burnt fire victim. In the great flood last spring and in the flood last autumn in Vermont, the Scouts worked continuously and effectively.

Sometimes this devotion rises to the real heights of sacrifice. In St. Louis last year there was a terrible tornado. A part of the city was laid in ruins. At once the Scouts rallied to help, for it is the Scouts' creed to volunteer aid, not to wait to be called. William L. Farrell, Jr., a young boy, was a member of one of the troops. He was sick in bed. When word came he immediately got up, put on his uniform, and joined his troop. For two days he worked in the stricken district. He helped keep order. He aided in the rescue work. He told no one he had been ill. He let no one know how badly he was feeling. As the time passed he felt worse and worse, but a Scout does not quit. On Sunday morning, while on duty, he collapsed. He was a very sick boy. At once he was put to bed and everything done that could be, but the strain and exposure had been too much. A few days later he died. No one could have exhibited greater devotion. The courage of this young fellow is particularly illustrated by the fact that he succeeded in concealing his sickness from everyone. He knew he would not be allowed to work if his condition were even suspected.

To close, I cannot do better than to give the Scout oath:

On my honor, I will do my best
1—To do my duty to God and my country and to obey the Scout law,
2—To help other people at all times,
3—To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight.

That is the pledge all Scouts take when they join the organization. It is much like the oath taken by the Athenian boys, "citizens of no mean city". At solemn occasions they repeat it. More important still, and unlike many oaths that are taken by their elders, they mean it. A Scout is a "doer" of the word, not "merely a hearer".

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TRUSTEES FOR THE SPHINX

BY PIERRE CRABITÈS

Hope for Alliance was the title under which *The London Times* carried the Speech from the Throne read by Saroit Pasha to the Egyptian Parliament on November 17, 1927. The Royal message showed that the conversations between King Fuad's Prime Minister and Sir Austen Chamberlain had succeeded in consolidating the good understanding between Egypt and Great Britain. It pointed out that a sincere effort had been made to reconcile the angles of vision of the two Powers in regard to the Sudan. It went on to say that both statesmen had sought to realize the desire of the British and Egyptian nations for an alliance which, by completing Egypt's independence and settling its relations with England, would unite them by links of friendship and confidence. And the address further stated that Saroit Pasha had discussed with the Governments of various countries the question of an extension of the jurisdiction of the Mixed Tribunals. These efforts, it added, having been crowned with success, His Egyptian Majesty's Foreign Office would request the Capitulatory Powers to confer in Cairo in order to establish the principle of the extension of these International Courts. In a second cable to the same journal, dated December 5, it was said that the Ministry was engaged in studying the files of previous conferences so that everything might be done in the proper way. It was expected that the invitation would be sent to the Capitulatory Powers for a meeting in Cairo early in the New Year.

It might be well to recall that Egypt is in an anomalous position. It is officially a free, sovereign and independent State. And yet it is not, although England in February, 1922, said that it was, and although all of Europe and the United States have long since recognized that it is. Facts are more stubborn than words. The realities of life show that when Great Britain

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abolished the Protectorate, which it had exercised over the Valley of the Nile, it did so "with reservations". But this string attached to the gift was not the only obstacle in the way of independence, as the West understands the term. There were ten European Nations and the United States—eleven countries in all—which had treaty rights in Egypt which, like mortgages, attached to the soil regardless of the flag that flew over it. These incumbrances are not referred to in Islam as treaty rights. They are known in the Mohammedan world as Capitulations. They confer extraterritorial privileges on all subjects of those Nations which enjoy these special franchises. The Mixed or International Courts of Egypt were created in 1875 in order to attenuate, in a measure, the rigors of this far reaching rule. But their competence extends, for all practical purposes, merely to what the French call civil and commercial matters. They have no criminal jurisdiction. This means that while this composite judicial system has worked out admirably within its allotted sphere, its splendid achievements have left the Capitulations intact in so far as the suppression of crime is concerned and in so far as the power to tax is involved. The text of the speech, as epitomized in the dispatches before quoted, does not deal with the latter particular. It touches solely upon the extension of the attributes of the Mixed Courts.

During the quarter of a century that Lord Cromer ruled over Egypt he sought, with untiring energy, to obtain the abolition of the Capitulations. He attributed to them many of the woes of the country that he governed. After his departure the compass went to pieces. And then came the great war. December, 1914, saw the advent of the Protectorate. It was unwelcome, unhonored and unsung. But it was only after the Armistice that it got under fire. It is hard to judge just what in those days was Britain's programme as to what should be done for the Egyptians. I suppose that Downing Street had a policy. But it kept it so discreetly hidden away that it is impossible for an outsider to make out just what it was. It was kaleidoscopic, protean and chameleon-like in the rapidity with which it changed. But there was one element of constancy. It was that England no longer proclaimed that the Capitulations must go. On the

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contrary, London began negotiations with the Powers looking toward their transferring their special franchises to Great Britain. As a return for this favor there was to be conferred upon the Egyptians a very generous measure of self government, perhaps independence without reservations, but coupled with a Treaty of Alliance.

I shall not attempt to follow the ups and downs of the Egyptian question. Suffice it to say that in the early summer of 1921 an official delegation, headed by Prime Minister Adly Yeghen Pasha, left for London to discuss the situation with the British Foreign Office. An official memorandum had already been prepared by a commission headed by Lord Milner which "had traced the general lines along which an agreement could ultimately be drafted", or words to that effect. This document contemplated the abolition of the Protectorate, and the drawing up of a Treaty between England and Egypt definitely establishing the relations between the two countries. But it appears to have been predicated upon the hypothesis that Great Britain would become the Trustee for all of the Capitulatory rights then enjoyed by the ten European Nations and the United States. As a matter of fact when Adly Pasha and his colleagues sailed for London most of the European Powers had already agreed, in principle, to the proposed Trusteeship.

Be that as it may, I was told, at the time, that while a few signatures might still be missing it was morally certain that the deed of trust would be granted by all of the interested beneficiaries. Every Egyptian or Englishman who mentioned the matter to me seemed to take it for granted that Washington would be a cooing dove or a docile eagle, and that as soon as our horn rimmed spectacles found the dotted line we would sign away the Capitulations that Andrew Jackson had obtained for us. But our Department of State had at its head Charles E. Hughes, a diplomatist who did his own thinking. The word "Trustee" cast no spell over his judicial temperament. He found that the proposal, however salutary it might be in principle, however convenient it might be in form, and however perfect it might be in carrying out the wishes of others, did not harmonize with the traditional policy of the United States. It conferred, in its last

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analysis, upon another Nation the right to protect our nationals in their relations with a third Power. This ran counter to the genius of our institutions. It, therefore, precluded the possibility of our falling in line with what others had done. This decision of Washington probably surprised many a well informed statesman. But it had about it the ring of finality. The days passed. And then Lord Milner and his friends and Adly Pasha and his associates agreed to disagree. They had, unless I am greatly mistaken, worked along lines which accepted as a postulate a proposition which America could not countenance. And shortly after this Lord Allenby, the British High Commissioner at Cairo, submitted to the Sultan a London-drafted letter which created consternation in Egypt. However, this severity of the Foreign Office was but ephemeral. In February, 1922, the Protectorate was abolished.

For a while the burning questions of the hour were, when will martial law be abolished, when will the Constitution be promulgated, and when will elections be held for members of Parliament? In due course these issues found a solution. Parliament was convened and Zaghloul Pasha, the outstanding popular idol, became Prime Minister. To the best of my recollection he made no official or concerted attempt, during his tenure of the Premiership, to obtain an abolition or a modification of the Capitulations. I thought at the time—I may have been mistaken—that he then looked with a certain degree of favor upon these privileges as tending to thwart any one nation from enjoying monopolistic rights in Egypt.

And then Sir Lee Stack, the Sirdar, was assassinated, in November, 1924. This was followed by the issuance of a British proclamation which was construed as taking the Sudan out of the domain of the "reserved" points. Zaghloul Pasha resigned. Ziwar Pasha succeeded him and held office until Parliament was permitted to reconvene. The reëstablishment of a Constitutional Government again brought the party of Zaghloul Pasha to power. But he did not take the Premiership. He announced that he preferred to preside over the Chamber of Deputies. Adly Pasha undertook to form a Government. The latter had the active support of the Speaker of the House of

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Representatives and remained in office until the spring of 1927. His successor was the present incumbent, Saroit Pasha, who had been a member of the Adly Ministry and who retained practically all of the members of the preceding Cabinet. In June of the same year King Fuad visited Europe and was enthusiastically received by the rulers, Governments and peoples of England, France, Italy and Belgium. His Majesty was accompanied by his Prime Minister. While the celebrations were being carried out, it appears that political discussions of the utmost moment also took place. They seem to have been pitched upon lines that contemplate first of all an enlargement of the powers of the Mixed Tribunals and later on a thrashing out of the relations between England and Egypt.

Zaghloul Pasha passed away while His Majesty was still in Europe and before these verbal flirtations had been completed. Certain facts that took place during the winter of 1926–1927, when the President of the Chamber was at the helm, bear witness however as to how he reacted to a move that was then launched to extend the authority of the Mixed Courts. A brutal murder brought about the conditions that give one this touchstone as to the probable attitude of the beloved husband of the revered Madame Zaghloul. Solomon Cicurel, a wealthy and prominent merchant of Cairo, was killed in his home under circumstances of appalling brutality. Four men, two Italians, a Greek and a local Jew, entered the home of the deceased to commit robbery. They chloroformed Mr. Cicurel and his wife. He resisted. She did not. She feigned to be overcome. He was hacked to death under her very eyes. She recognized the assassins. One was her chauffeur. Under the Capitulations three different sets of laws were applicable to the culprits. They all of them admitted that they were involved in the robbery but sought to put the blame for the murder on one of the Italians. The upshot of the whole thing was that the local Jew was sentenced to death, and one of the Italians was given the maximum penalty allowed by the code of his country, to wit, solitary confinement for life. The other Italian has been sentenced to the peniteniary for a fairly long term and the Greek has got off quite lightly. This inequality of punishment shocked Egyptian public opinion.

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Parliament clamored for a unification of criminal justice under the Mixed Tribunals. I know too well Zaghloul Pasha's masterly control of the Chamber of Deputies to imagine for one instant that his followers would have been so insistent in their demands if they had not reasons for believing that he shared their sentiments. If Egypt were not Egypt I would be tempted to say that in asking for the extension of the competence of the Mixed Tribunals Saroit Pasha has his people back to him. But nothing can induce me to attempt to foretell what may or may not happen in that interesting Kingdom, which today is as baffling as it was when the Sphinx first became symbolical of mystery.

But after all this question of whether the International Courts of Egypt are or are not to have criminal jurisdiction is of but academic concern to the average American. We have been trained in the common law. So have Englishmen. They have vital interests at stake in the Land of the Pharaohs. If they can allow these Mixed Tribunals to extend their competence to penal matters affecting subjects of Great Britain, I see no reason why we should not follow their example. To oppose their point of view, when we have no outstanding motive for doing so and, on the contrary, every incentive to see eye to eye with them, would be open to misconstruction. But while we may, therefore, use British lenses in examining this judicial problem, it by no means follows that the eventual fate of Egypt is of no moment to us. I do not mean by this that we should interfere in the details of such arrangements as London and Cairo may see fit to elaborate for the internal administration of the country whose sceptre is now held by the dynasty of Mohammed Ali. But among the "reserved" points there figures what is known as "the security of the communications of the British Empire". This language is but an euphemistic way of saying that England can only see its way clear to withdraw its troops from the Nile Valley provided Egypt agrees to allow it to maintain an armed force within the Suez Canal zone and to take such steps as will assure that the sweet water which supplies this belt shall at all times be accessible to British control.

Our interest in this feature of the matter resides in the facts that the United States is a maritime power and that the neutrality

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of the Suez Canal is guaranteed by treaty. Now that the Geneva Conference has shattered our hopes for a naval holiday we are constrained to keep our eyes open, however sincere and abiding our friendship may be for those who speak our language. I refuse to contemplate the possibility of a serious misunderstanding ever arising between the two English speaking peoples. But we should not forget that our flag floats over the Philippines and that those islands lie near the capital of a State which but yesterday was an ally of Great Britain. Should the Mikado ever be tempted to aspire to take over Manila it would be detrimental to our interests to be confronted by a Suez Canal policy which is against the letter and spirit of the international agreements which presided over the birth of that waterway, and which have been confirmed by solemn pacts. In other words, it is specifically "nominated in the bond" that neither Egypt nor any other Power shall ever have the right of maintaining armed forces or embarking or unloading troops or munitions of war in the Suez Canal zone. This covenant was violated during the Great War. Germany made a mockery of its plighted word in respect of Belgian neutrality. The Allies were constrained by this crime to play the game according to the rules of war defined by Prussia. But a new era is supposed to have dawned. To maintain troops along the Canal, under present conditions, would be not only illegal but potentially a menace to the United States. I know full well that Britain has never used her maritime supremacy to flaunt other nations. The Lords of the Admiralty have policed the world in the interest of peace and, if the truth must be told, in defense of the Monroe Doctrine. But these facts do not wipe out the salient consideration that England has specifically guaranteed in an unrepealed written agreement that the Suez Canal shall be undefended. Britain's splendid record leaves it no alternative but to adhere to its incomparable traditions. At all events, Egypt has no valid right, without the consent of America, to change an international polity which vitally affects the interests of the United States. And thus does it come to pass that the speech from the Egyptian Throne carries a message which crosses the Mediterranean and the Atlantic and goes straight to Washington.

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"WANTED ON EARTH"

BY WILSON GEE

THE traditional South of ante-bellum days has gone forever except in the records of history and the lingering fragrances of a type of civilization that is as picturesque and alluring as any that has ever been produced. It was conditioned upon a privileged leisure class, with plenty of cheap human labor under absolute control, and was pervaded with an idealism that carries one back to the days when "knighthood was in flower" to find its closest analogy. A society almost entirely rural, with broad plantations, often more than one to the same owner, largely self sustaining in its agriculture, and in the words of Henry Grady eating "bread from his own fields, and meat from his own pastures and disturbed by no condition and enslaved by no debt, amid his teeming orchards and vineyards, dairies and barns," the Southern farmer pitched "his own crops in his own wisdom, grew them in independence, making cotton and tobacco a clean surplus, and sold these in his own time and in his own chosen market and not at a master's bidding, getting pay in cash and not in a receipted mortgage that discharged his debt but did not restore his freedom."

This picture was most nearly approximated in the tidewater sections or coastal belt of the South where the early settlers, closely akin in ideas and blood to the landed aristocracy of the Mother Country, found climate and soil most to their liking, and safety from marauding Indians better assured. The "up country", or the Piedmont, was peopled by the thrifty Scotch-Irish who had to dig harder from the clay soils for their living and on less expansive estates. One does not hear so much about these not so spectacular but none the less sturdy yeomanry, hard working, God fearing pioneers on a stubborn frontier, always in the earlier days uncertain of Indian or Tory depredations.

The freeing of the slaves did not nearly so much affect these regions as it did the tidewater sections. There a complete re-

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arrangement of farm economy was necessary, and by temperament and training many of the owners were little fitted for the readjustment. As a direct or indirect consequence, today, there are many areas of backward development in these sections where much absentee landlordism prevails or where negro ratios in the population preponderate to the point that they own high percentages of the land.

The dividing line geographically between the coastal regions and the up country in the Southern States is what is known as the Fall Line. The boundary between the Piedmont Plateau and the Appalachian Mountains is the Blue Ridge, and east of this, beginning most perceptibly in middle to northern Virginia this plateau extends in a wide belt through Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia and into Alabama almost as far as Birmingham. To the west of the Blue Ridge, and between it and the Appalachian Mountains, is the Appalachian Valley, characterized by a few main valleys such as the Cumberland in Pennsylvania and Maryland, the Shenandoah in Virginia, the East Tennessee Valley in Tennessee and the Coosa Valley in Alabama. This formation with the resulting limestone soil is a wonderful agricultural section. In view of the industrial development taking place in this valley in Pennsylvania, Tennessee and Alabama, and to a less extent in Virginia, the region presents problems that have much in common with those of the Piedmont.

The Fall Line is the point at which the streams leave the higher uplands and begin to move out upon the more level stretches of the coastal region. Above this line the slope is enough to make for shoals and other declivities sufficient for sites for hydro-electric plants. In other words, in addition to its soil resources and incident agricultural possibilities, the Piedmont and up country generally possesses what should and will form the basis for marked industrial development—a great supply of undeveloped water power.

For this reason, and several similar ones, the South has witnessed in this region within the past two or three decades a marvellous industrial expansion. As one travels southward along the main line of the Southern Railway, beginning at Charlottesville and Lynchburg, Virginia, and extending through the Caro-

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linas and Georgia down as far as Birmingham, Alabama, village or city, one after the other in rapid succession is passed, from the busy smokestacks of which are seen the most conspicuous external evidences of industrial enterprise. There are woolen mills, shoe factories, furniture plants, and as for cotton mills, beginning with the one at Danville, which lays claim to being the largest in the world, these are now numbered by the hundreds all the way down into Alabama.

The native of this region, and he does not have to be very old to do so, who recalls the time when these thriving little manufacturing towns with their hundreds and thousands of operatives in a busy stir were quiet country villages, notes the marked contrast with today. Thirty years or less ago, they consisted of trading centres for the farmers of the county. There were moderately good schools, several merchandising establishments, churches with interested memberships, and homes in their social heredity and elemental simplicity much like the ones in the surrounding rural sections. In fact practically all of the older people there had come originally from the country near and distant. The life was a quiet, peaceful and orderly one. Saturday was ordinarily the busy day when almost everybody in the county came to town, and this was also in a measure true on Sales Day, the first Monday in the month.

Then came the first cotton mill, a second, a third, a sixth, and with them a different town. The inefficient farmers, tenants mainly, though many owners too, came to town to work in these plants. They came because their land was poor, because times were hard, and their farming methods inefficient. With many of them their economic condition was improved by the move, and certainly they provided a labor that was tractable, reasonably efficient and profitable to the industrial stockholders.

The entire atmosphere of these towns has been changed. A nucleus of the old citizenship and town life continues and it is the backbone of the mercantile, banking and civic leadership of the community. Larger business opportunities have been afforded, and of these advantage has been taken. But the predominant element is the industrial operative. His existence is largely a day to day, hand to mouth affair. It is true there are notable

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exceptions, but the rule is, that wages are good but they are spent as quickly as received. The emphasis in life is not upon education, religion, or the interior of their homes. It is rather upon clothes, the table they set, and the amusement features of life. Business conditions are improved; merchants do a larger volume of trade; bankers have more money to pass through their tills; motion picture shows and baseball parks thrive; and the majority and minority stockholders accumulate dividends. Altogether, more people make a living, the wealth of a section is added to vastly by the processes of manufacture, and an air of greater prosperity prevails. The town becomes a typical industrial community.

Obviously, there is a very appreciable effect on the surrounding community, partly favorable and partly not. The farming takes on more of a trucking character, and good sales are possible for amounts judicious in quantity of fresh vegetables and fruits. Power lines stretch out into the surrounding sections, making electric lights available for the rural home and the accompanying power-driven conveniences of the churn, the pump, the washing machine and the wood saw. A part of the wealth incident upon this development overflows into the surrounding country.

However, a greater demand for labor is created, and the wages paid are much higher than the farming industry has ever been able to stand. In many sections, whole families pick up and move to the towns, entering the industries. The restless spirit of the town pervades the country and the young life becomes dissatisfied with the things that agriculture in a period of depression is able to afford in comparison with the life of town and city.

All of this may be inevitable; it doubtless is. But is it best or even well that it should be? Industries are a good development, a necessary phase of modern civilization. The material basis of life is necessary for an advancing civilization; and proportionately for capital invested and labor employed, industry is much more wealth productive than agriculture. But there is a proper balance between the two, and the failure to appreciate this has been at the bottom of the disintegration of many of the finest civilizations of the world. No nation can permanently continue that does not learn this lesson early enough to weave it into the policies

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determining its destinies. It is quite certain that the present policies of this nation do not show much appreciation of this fact. It rests upon the South and West to come to their senses, to recognize their responsibilities in this connection; and having done so, by the sheer weight of their combined influence, to force the nation into an appreciation of the tremendous significance and fundamental nature of the issues at stake.

The East has followed the lure of excessive industrialism. The "pied piper" has charmed most of the old New England farm families left from the pull of the settlement of the West, and today great stretches lie waste where once was maintained one of the most characteristic and vigorous phases of our civilization. The New England towns partake largely of an industrial nature, and present problems of Americanization that discourage even the most optimistic about their solution. To the informed person, the New England of today connotes a very different sort of thing in national stability from what it once typified. The factors contributory to this development are not many of them essentially different from those at present operative in the Piedmont regions of the South. Nor is New England the only example. The same situation prevails in numerous localities and to a widening extent in the Middle Atlantic and the Great Lakes States.

The cities of America are most of them merely grown up country towns and but recently come to age. They have had wrought into them by the migrant rural citizenship much of the wholesome atmosphere of life in the country. The small city in this nation, and no doubt throughout the world, is very similar in its ways of living to the even tenor of the open country. But not so with the large cities.

It must be at once conceded that the best in the city are as good as the best in the country. The most rabid "ruralite" would have to admit as much. But the law of averages operates largely in human society and here the comparison weighs heavily in favor of the country.

Among the last of his utterances the late venerable and distinguished Emeritus President of Harvard University, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, said: "I believe that family life, including the tender and affectionate treatment by the man of his wife and

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children, is the cornerstone of democracy. Hence the so-called civilizations of Egypt, Judea, Greece and Rome had no permanence and supply no useful lessons for the American or any other democracy." The natural basis for family life is stronger in the country than in the industrialized city. Large families are the rule, even among the better classes, and this is notably not the case in the urban centres where the replenishment of human pabulum for the whir and grind of industry is largely from the poorer classes. Left to itself, without the contribution from the country sections, the population of the city is of an inherently deteriorating nature.

Along with this situation goes another of tremendous significance. Divorce is an evil much more characteristic of urban than of rural life. Marriages are said to be more frequent in the country, and divorces less so. It is a matter of common belief that the wholesome conditions of the country are much less productive of crime and vice. The youth on the farm is taught the value and dignity of work. The various chores about the home and farm afford employment of time often dangerously idle for the city child. Then the country affords the natural basis for a more healthful life than the city. The marked improvement of sanitation processes in the city gives it in many instances a temporary advantage over the rural sections, but with the extension of public health service and instruction there is no reason why it should be more than a temporary advantage.

Again, while the country boy may not be so social minded as the city boy, there is more than sentiment in the view that the very nature of his life and surroundings throws him more upon his own resources and begets in him an independence, honesty and a rugged force of character not often paralleled in the city. This phase of the argument is perhaps more in the field of controversy than the other reasons just given, but even here it is believed a scientific study would inure to the credit of the farmer and prove the general superiority of his environmental surroundings.

However, the mere fact of rural migration is not a cause for alarm. If fewer people living in the country can, with the aid of improved machinery and methods, produce the food needed by the hungry nations, from an economic standpoint the adjustment

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is a good one. It should mean cheaper food for the city dwellers and more gain to the individual farmer. Again, if the best future of our nation is one with the emphasis upon an industrialized urban life, it does not materially matter that the best of our country migrates to the city and the leavings people the country stretches, thereby bringing these to peasant levels of farming, but at the same time producing abundant supplies of food available cheaply for the urban folk.

But most positively the emphasis should not be so placed. If it must be more upon one than upon the other, for the sake of our national perpetuity and greatness let it be upon rural life and the things for which it stands. This is not the popular view to take in a nation predominantly urban, but it is a possible and a popular view to take in the South. This section is yet the most rural in the nation. While fast disintegrating, its rural civilization holds a great deal of its elemental strength, even though it has lost in picturesqueness. No great influx of foreign born whites constitutes a problem to complicate the situation.

But the eyes of the rest of the nation as they never were before are upon the South as a land of opportunity. The next few decades will be marked with unprecedented prosperity and development. As in the East, this is going to partake largely of an industrial nature.

The plea which I would make is not that more industrial development is detrimental to our best interests, local and national, but that this progress should not be accomplished, as it has been in many sections, at the expense of a strong country life. And it should go no further than the nice balance that will allow each of these two big phases of our civilization to flourish at its best, mutually contributing in best expression the each to the other and so constituting the only safe basis for the enduring greatness of the Nation.

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OCCIDENTAL SNOBS IN ORIENTAL POLITICS

BY GEORGE E. ANDERSON

THE Kiplingesque doctrine of

> Oh, East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
> Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat,

seems to have served its day. The fact is that East and West are now at the meeting point in even the Kipling sense, and there is gradually developing in Western consciousness a disturbing idea that perhaps there is not as much truth in the accepted theory as virile poetry might indicate. It is of the highest significance that various members of the Congress of the United States who have visited the Far East during the last summer have declared that one of the most potent reasons for the increased anti-foreign feeling now rampant in China and in the Orient generally is the snobbery of the foreign white residents toward native peoples. Senator Hiram Bingham, of Connecticut, whose four months' tour of China during the Congressional recess is likely to have important results in the course of Congress toward Oriental questions, has been most open in his criticism of the attitude of Americans and Europeans toward Oriental people, and in a somewhat caustic address at Honolulu on his way back to the United States he not only related instances which came under his personal observation in China, but went further and declared that the attitude of Americans in the Philippines toward influential Filipinos was largely responsible for the independence agitation in the islands, and gave it as his opinion that if the leading American residents of the Philippines would make it a practice to sit down to an afternoon tea table with Filipino leaders, an end to present agitation would be the result.

Much that these thinking Americans have had to say in respect to the relations of the white and native races in the Orient has

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long been appreciated by observant people who are so far independent of current thought and practice in the Far East as to look facts in the face. It is significant that at the height of the dispute between Great Britain and the Chinese Government at Canton over the anti-British boycott and general strike situation in Hong-Kong something over a year ago, one of the first efforts made by the Hong-Kong Government and commercial leaders in the colony to secure a *rapprochement* between British and Chinese political and commercial interests was directed toward establishing closer social and personal relations between the two peoples. It may be added that the results were more or less abortive and inconsequential. A few months later when the anti-foreign situation in Shanghai became acute, a similar effort was made in that metropolis of combined Chinese and foreign life to reach a better understanding between the white and yellow races. Matters were improved somewhat for several months, but just so soon as the pressure of the acute situation in Shanghai was removed, they resumed their former course, the differences between the races actually being accentuated by the half hearted and evasive efforts to remove them.

Opinions may differ as to the situation in the Philippines, but there is no question that there is much truth in the statements ascribed to Senator Bingham as to the influence of social relations of Americans and Filipinos in the islands upon the political situation. In India, also, a large factor in the anti-British attitude of the leaders of Indian thought and political action is in the attitude of British residents, not to say British officialdom, toward Indian people of the intellectual classes. In India, indeed, the foundation of the present relations of East and West were laid many years ago. The relations then established were those of a conquering toward a conquered people. Three hundred million natives were dominated by a handful of Europeans, and the theory of that domination was that of a superior race dealing with an inferior race, a superior civilization dealing with an inferior civilization; in which, however, superiority was demonstrated in the first place by superior force. That original position of the British administrators in India, founded perhaps on necessity which has been very slow to grow less, and main-

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tained with fidelity that has demanded dinner coats for lone administrators dining in the jungle, has left a dominating and almost ineradicable influence upon the entire relations of the white and native races in the East. Americans in China have adopted the same policy since first our representatives impinged upon Chinese civilization, and while our attitude, officially at least, has been somewhat different in the Philippines, the British viewpoint has been accepted by most American residents engaged in business in the archipelago and by only too many of our official representatives.

The problem of the relations of Eastern and Western peoples in the Far East is not an easy one. Primarily what is referred to as snobbery is often a feeling based upon racial instinct which exists in both peoples. To a certain extent also this feeling represents a protective reaction of a small minority of whites against an overwhelming mass of colored races, an instinctive solidifying of European feeling in the impact of one civilization upon another. Discounting these factors in the problem, however, there yet remains the plain factor of common snobbery, particularly strong in those members of the foreign population in the Far East who, in the matter of origin, education and home relations, have the least reason to show it. It is difficult to understand, much less to justify in any degree, the attitude of many foreigners in the Far East toward natives of superior attainments. The bumptious underling in the American bank in Shanghai who ordered a Chinese friend of Senator Bingham, a graduate of Yale and the son of a graduate of Yale, to the Chinese quarter of the bank he was favoring with his patronage, is but a type of foreigner in the Orient so common as to be almost the rule. Such examples of bumptious snobbery might be overlooked as an inferiority-complex reaction in small minds, were it not that they are in fact merely extreme indications of the general attitude of foreigners toward all things native.

The new factor in the situation is the changed attitude of the natives. Ever since the West came into contact with the East this attitude has been taken by the West as a matter of course, and has been more or less completely accepted by the East as a natural concomitant of the contact of the two peoples. It has

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been accepted, however, only because such acceptance has been forced upon the East by the military power of foreign peoples supported by native Governments whose chief desire in the matter was to avoid friction with their unwelcome national guests. The change has come with the rising tide of national consciousness among Eastern peoples strengthened by other factors not so generally recognized.

The practical relations of the foreigners to the native races have been such as to lead to constantly increasing questioning on the part of the native. It is only natural that a native should question the reason why a foreigner resident in his country—depending upon the country and its trade, upon its industry, its products, upon the labor of its people, for his livelihood—should be so much better off economically and socially than any of the native people, though the latter may be engaged in parallel activities. The differences between the manner of living of foreigners and natives in any of the countries in the Far East are too great to be unnoticed. It may be unjust on the part of the native that there arises a feeling that he and his people are being exploited. It may be true that in many instances that superiority in the manner of life of the foreigner lies in the latter's superior knowledge of the comforts and amenities of life, and that many natives could live as foreigners live if they took advantage of their potentialities in that line and acquired the necessary knowledge. Many, in fact, have done and are doing so. However, the fact remains that such a feeling does arise, and it persists, and only too often there is a certain measure of truth in the native's assumptions. Even our missionary friends are not free from charges of this sort. It is a well established policy of mission boards the world over that their representatives in the Far East shall be well housed and shall live with all the comforts possible under their peculiar circumstances. Missionaries claim, with some show of reason, that they could not endure the isolated life so many of them lead were it not for the comforts provided for them. The fact remains that most missionaries in the Far East, particularly in China, live far more comfortably, not to say luxuriously, than they would or could live in the United States or their own country. They maintain establishments which set

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them as a class apart from their native parishioners. Perhaps such establishments are necessary; at least they represent a policy of mission boards. The fact remains that they become the subject of remark, invidious comparison, and envy on the part of the natives.

Comparisons in the matter of schools also have an influence. The mission schools are well built, well furnished, highly equipped with every modern convenience. The teachers are well paid,—according to the native standard at least,—well housed, even luxuriously placed. The native schools which a devoted band of modern native educators in China, to cite one example, are endeavoring to build up, are indifferently housed as a rule. The teachers most of the time are ill paid if paid at all, the equipment for even much of the most elementary work is lacking. In these parlous days native schools are often seized to house troops, the meagre equipment is destroyed, organization is broken up, work stopped. In contradistinction the foreign schools, protected by extraterritoriality, are usually free from interference, their work proceeds without serious interruption, their organization is in no way impaired. It is no wonder that now and then native armies or native mobs, breaking from the control heretofore imposed upon them, seize upon foreign property and put it to their own use. In so doing they merely use foreign property as they have long been accustomed to use Chinese property. Native temples, served by priests with little or no support, falling into decay and ruin, subject to seizure and abuse, stand in poor comparison to the Christian temples protected by powerful Governments under extraterritoriality. Of course these schools and churches are established for the benefit of the natives, and of course there is reason in the foreign viewpoint that to be of maximum service all such institutions must be of the best, that they in themselves should stand as monuments of Western civilization with its material benefits and general superiority. Nevertheless the fact again remains that the native naturally makes comparisons and resents the manifest differences.

These observations are submitted not in defence of the position of the Oriental peoples, but in explanation and extenuation. The white races have much to be proud of in their relations with the

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colored races of the East. Perhaps it is unwise to suggest that the Oriental peoples have much to be grateful for in their relations with the peoples of the West. Herein comes to the surface a trait in human nature which is an important factor in the present situation. After all it is well to realize that nations as well as individuals, Chinese, Indian, Filipino or what not, do not necessarily feel grateful for the eleemosynary aid of other nations or of other individuals. There is a disposition in many people, perhaps most people, to show resentment against any situation which places them in the attitude of receiving anything for which in theory they should be grateful. This is particularly true of proud and sensitive peoples; and many Orientals are both proud and sensitive. Most of them do not wish to be so placed that they must be grateful. Most of all they resent the implied superiority such aid suggests.

It may come as a shock to American and European egotism, and almost an affront to Western civilization, but the fact is that the native does not regard the foreigner as a superior person. Generally the native regards him as an inferior, protected in his inferiority and peculiar position by powerful if sometimes unjust Governments. Native demands do not run in the direction of interracial intimacy. The Chinese, Filipino, Indian or other native people in the Orient do not seek foreign social recognition as such. To most of them it is as undesirable as it is to the foreigner. They have no desire to marry or give in marriage with foreigners. A foreigner has no more physical attraction to a native than the native has to the foreigner—much less, in fact, most of them maintain. If they seek admission to clubs and other social recognition, it is merely that they demand the same opportunities enjoyed by foreigners in their pursuit of the amenities of life. What they demand primarily is that they be treated as intellectual and political equals in their own right and as a people in their own country. They do not ask that they be received by the foreigner, they do not seek his companionship. What they do demand is that when for any reason they are received, or when they come into contact with each other either in business or in the ordinary relations incidental to living in the same communities, they be received on an equal plane, that they

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may have the same rights, that they may enjoy the same opportunities; that, in short, they shall no longer be subject to treatment indicated in the one-time sign in the Shanghai recreation gardens of "Chinese and dogs not allowed".

Nor can there be better relations between natives and foreigners so long as the latter maintain their attitude of disdainful superiority toward everything native. Only too often have our missionary friends ridiculed Buddhism, for example, as a religion or system of philosophy without merit. Whatever may be their ideas on the subject, ridicule is not an efficient means of proselyting. After all Buddhism, Taoism, Confucianism and Shintoism have been the religions of hundreds of millions of people for hundreds of years, and merit respectful consideration for their part in human history if for no other reason. Ancestral worship with all its benumbing influence upon a people may not appeal to the foreigner as an adequate system of social and religious philosophy, but it has been the foundation of Chinese life for hundreds of years and most of us could adopt some of its precepts with benefit. In the meanwhile, whether the native cares for his time honored religion or not, he resents the foreign attitude toward it. Whether the foreigners agree or disagree with their native friends in such matters, and naturally they have a perfect right to disagree, they cannot expect to receive courteous treatment from the native if they do not extend courteous treatment. A disdainful attitude is not a propitious beginning of any international relationship, commercial, political or otherwise.

Foreign political and commercial representatives can hardly expect fair treatment from the Chinese or other native political and commercial interests unless they extend to those natives with whom they have contact that equality of rights and treatment which their relations really imply but which only too often they have deliberately and consistently denied. Time was when a government in China or India could force the native to accept and acknowledge a superiority of foreigners which in his heart the native stoutly denied. Whatever may be the real force of the rising tide of Nationalism in China, India or the Philippines, the time at least has gone when any Government can force such a view upon its people.

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The truth is that there has been far too much talk about the "white man's burden" with respect to the peoples of the Far East. That these people are backward in many ways, that they need the contact with Western civilization which has been forced upon them, are undoubtedly true. It is also true that Western civilization owes a duty toward Oriental peoples which may be burdensome. Fortunately the present disposition of Western nations is more to aid and less to exploit the Orient than has been the case in other years. It is time, however, that it should be realized that a better discharge of this duty can be reached by a better understanding of the Oriental peoples. It is time that there be an end to foolish talk about peculiar Oriental psychology. The better the Oriental is understood, the more perfectly it is realized that he thinks as an Occidental thinks, that his reactions are exactly what the reactions of an Occidental would be under similar circumstances; that, in short, he is a man even as we are men.

If the white races are to claim and maintain superiority over native races in Oriental contacts, they must demonstrate that superiority by actual attainment in every field, not the least of which is a demonstration of courtesy and consideration in which the principle of *noblesse oblige* can be applied with profit and benefit to all concerned. In endeavoring to establish themselves in the good graces of native races, or in endeavoring to demonstrate that superiority of institutions which they so loudly proclaim, they must expect to receive the native on an equality in opportunity and rights, meeting him as an equal in his own right, realizing that after all the foreigner is a guest in the land of another to whom he owes at least a certain measure of consideration. In so doing it is quite likely that he will find in the civilization and even in the personality of the native many things which merit his emulation and command his respect.

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REDUCING STATES TO TERRITORIES

BY J. M. SCANLAND

CAN a "sovereign" State be reduced to a Territory? The Constitution of the United States makes no provision for such an act, either with or without the consent of that State. A State may be created by the division of a State, or parts of States, with their consent, but to turn a State back to its original territorial condition was not contemplated by the framers of the Constitution, and presents an entirely novel question. Representative Joseph Crail, of the Los Angeles, California, District, will introduce a Joint Resolution at the present session of Congress providing for disestablishing Arizona, or, plainly, the abolition of the State Government and turning the State back to a Territory with a Territorial Government. Whether this is the way to abolish a State or not, Mr. Crail is somewhat uncertain, as there is no precedent, and as an alternative he has officially asked the United States Attorney-General to take direct action against Arizona for depriving it of Statehood.

This action against the "offending" State of Arizona is based on the allegation that it has repudiated the compact with the Federal Government on its admission into the Union by striking from the State Constitution the rights of the Federal Government to public lands, and inserting a provision allowing the State to tax those lands and all Government property within its borders. The Constitution also repeals the right of the General Government to control the rivers in Arizona. These privileges were surrendered to the General Government when Arizona was admitted as a State. Or, rather, Arizona waived any right that she might have. This constituted the "compact" which Representative Crail claims it has violated.

In order to enable Arizona to tax the property of the United States within its borders, including the public lands, it was necessary to change the State Constitution. This property is

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mainly included in the Colorado River water system, from which section Southern California receives much of its supply. The proposed tax would amount to about six million dollars a year, and this would add greatly to the wealth of Arizona, as it would be collected for an indefinite period. This is the interest of California, or rather its southern section, in the matter; and on this account it is asked that Arizona be turned out of the Union of States for violating its compact with the General Government.

This action of Arizona is regarded as clearly a violation of the provisions of the Enabling Act, which is a Constitutional provision regulating the admission of States, or rather of Territories as States. A State cannot annul a law of Congress, nor can it enact a law in violation of any Constitutional provision. Any attempt to do so may be construed as "rebellion." Californians claim that this act on the part of Arizona was deliberate, and not a mistake of judgment as to the legality of the changes in its Constitution. Arizona had no legal right to make this change without the consent of the United States Government—the other party to the compact by which Arizona was admitted as a State. If it be conceded that Arizona can annul a part of the Enabling Act, it must also be conceded that it can annul the entire Act, as relates to itself, and thus practically secede from the Union. This may be a far-fetched supposition, but it is not illogical, and is only a little more radical than the recent act of the "disaffected" State.

Arizona has an area of 113,956 square miles, and a population of 334,162, according to the Census of 1920. The estimated population at present is 444,000. This is an increase of about twenty-five per cent. within the last six years. Thus, the State that is threatened with decapitation is healthy and growing, and no doubt will strongly contest any such attempt by Congress—if Congress has such power. It is a novel question, and has never, heretofore, been raised.

Another Constitutional question arises in the case of the decaying State of Wyoming. It wants to go out, or rather be turned back into a Territory, with a Territorial Government, which would be mainly supported by the General Government. It has not violated any provision of the Enabling Act, but alleges that it is

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too poor to support a State Government. It is mostly a stock and grazing country, and the population is shifting, unsteady and unproductive. Within the last few years Wyoming has shown very little increase in the number of its inhabitants, and a large number of these are not really citizens. According to the census of 1920, the State had a population of 194,402, or about 17,000 less than the basis for a Representative in Congress. It is reported that its few industrial resources are declining, and the people have held meetings, from time to time, and will petition Congress to "dissolve" the State Government. They allege that the expenses are more than they can bear, and they desire to get rid of a horde of officials.

Thus there will be two novel questions before Congress at the present session: Can a State be turned out of the Union, or rather turned back into a Territory? Can a State dissolve its Government and turn itself back into a Territory? Neither has ever been brought before Congress, and the discussion will be interesting. The greater contest will be that over Arizona. With Wyoming, there is an easier way out: A State can dissolve itself by refusing or failing to elect State officials, just as a cross-roads village commits suicide by refusing to collect taxes. True, some State officials may cling to their offices "until their successors are qualified," under a technicality. But if the people generally refuse to elect their successors, and, worse than all, refuse to pay taxes, the State will die a natural death. Another way out is by annexation. Wyoming can ask to be annexed to one or more of the adjoining States. This can be done by the willingness of the other State or States to receive the unprosperous State.

It may be recalled that California, now such a stickler for constitutional law, was itself a violator of it. The Enabling Act provides that Congress, alone, has the right to call an election for a Territorial Convention, for the formation of a Constitution. But the country newly acquired from Mexico was in great haste to become a full-fledged State, and General Bennet Riley, Military Governor, was prevailed upon to call such a Convention, thus assuming the powers of Congress. But that was a time of passionate expansion, and the province was admitted, notwithstanding the irregularity of its procedure.

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DEALING WITH CRIMINALS

BY LEWIS E. LAWES
Warden of Sing Sing Prison

It is probably true today that neither penology nor criminology is entitled to classification as an exact science. Our information concerning criminals and crimes is still chaotic and the determination and application of the proper kind of treatment lacks scientific precision. If you discuss the treatment of crime with the average man in the street his stereotyped solution for all the complex, puzzling problems may be summed up in these words: "Hang all those who kill; put all the rest of the criminals in prison for their natural lives; sterilize all mental deficients; spank the juvenile offenders and put them to bed."

Comparatively few as yet have begun to comprehend the real importance of scientific consideration of these problems. The great majority are still indifferent, even though the problems vitally concern all. Perhaps from an experience in this work extending over two decades, I may be able to present some facts, or express some opinions that will help in coming to a right conclusion on these problems. I do not write as a theorist, but as one who has had control over thousands of criminals of every degree, who has had contact with men of every shade of character.

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Jurists, psychologists, alienists, physicians, social workers, industrial experts and prison administrators are becoming keenly interested in the problems arising in the treatment of crime and the criminal. No longer are these of concern only for the policeman, the prosecuting attorney, the judge and the warden. The problems do not begin with the commission of the crime, nor do they end when the prison doors close on the offenders. For many years our entire attention was concentrated on the parts played by these four agencies in all our dealings with

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social offenders. Consideration was devoted only to the crime itself and the measuring out of punishment. That began and ended the matter so far as society thought itself concerned. It was not interested in antecedent causes or future rehabilitation. The offender was shut in prison for a certain definite time, and the world proceeded to forget him as quickly as possible. Nobody cared what happened to him so long as he remained inconspicuously out of trouble, but no one helped him to remain out of trouble. A little cross-section of the criminal's life was selected, and on this the limelight of publicity was focussed. His whole prior history and environment and his after life were left shrouded in gloom.

Today these problems are studied from many different angles. There is the investigation of the environment, of the extent of education, of the social and industrial conditions before the crime. There is the problem of the crime itself, the punishment to be pronounced and the method of carrying out the punishment. Finally, there is the question of the release of the individual and his ultimate restoration to society.

There have been four stages in the development of criminal jurisprudence. The era of vengeance, the era of repressive punishment, the era of attempted retribution, and finally, what we are beginning to see today, the era of crime prevention. For a long time punishment for crime consisted in confiscation of property, exile, torture or death. Imprisonment was made use of only until one of these forms of punishment was carried out. In time imprisonment came to be used as a punishment in itself, but until the eighteenth century and the advent of John Howard and Beccaria, the only conception of punishment was as retribution, the vengeance of society to be wreaked against the culprit. However, steadily and to an ever increasing extent, the viewpoint has been adopted that vengeance—call it retribution or by any other name—recoils injuriously upon society; that humane and reclamatory methods are the best protection for the community; that such is not only the duty of society but also its self interest.

The problem of the successful treatment of crime involves many social factors. We recognize that not only are individuals

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responsible to society but that there exists a grave reciprocal responsibility on the part of society to the individual. In numerous instances the crime is but the natural result of the environment in which the offender was brought up. It may have been a case of total illiteracy, of a childhood spent in the slums in crowded, filthy tenements, under conditions which make modesty, physical and moral cleanliness, unknown and impossible. Should the product of such environment be held wholly responsible? There will always be crime when economic conditions through enforced idleness leave no other alternatives than those of starving, begging or stealing. When extreme poverty and great wealth are found together crimes against property are always most numerous. When society cannot discharge its obligation to the individual by providing an opportunity to earn a decent livelihood by work, it must offer some other temporary relief during the periods of unemployment which occur with varying degrees of frequency and intensity, or else it must look for an increase in crime. Most crimes that lead to prison today are really outbreaks due to human distress.

It has been true that three-quarters of all the cases before the criminal courts are offenders under the age of twenty-one. A special study of all robbery commitments to Sing Sing for a period of nine months revealed that 32 per cent. were twenty-one or under. Of all prisoners received at Sing Sing during the years 1915 to 1921, 66 per cent. were thirty or under. Not only is this true, but the more adult criminals frequently exhibit low mental development. Tests show that many have the intellectual capacity of children below eight years of age. Yet the age limit of our reformatory institutions is from sixteen to thirty.

I can see as the only effective preventive of juvenile delinquency the wider extension of community system activities, the establishment of more playgrounds, especially in congested areas; the creation and development of community centers to provide opportunities for clean and wholesome recreation; the extension of the Boy Scout movement and the awakening of the interest of adult organizations in the boy. It is indeed a very vital problem to discover which of the boys of today will make

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the criminals of tomorrow. The Boy Scout movement, one of the greatest civic developments of modern times, is only beginning to bear fruit. When the hundreds of thousands of young boys and young girls who are being trained in the ideals of citizenship, who are being taught habits of right living and straight thinking, come into manhood and womanhood, I confidently predict a very marked decrease in juvenile delinquency. It cannot be otherwise because these boys and girls, at the most impressionable period of their lives, and through appeal to the normal cravings of boyhood and girlhood are taught to practise day after day the habit of keeping themselves "physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight."

One of the most conspicuous faults in our penal system is the inequality with which justice is administered. This unequal justice is not deliberate or intentional; it is the inevitable result of the judicial system and the method of dispensing punishment. There are more than one hundred and seventy judges, with their different individual temperaments, in the various courts of the State of New York who by law are, or may be, required to sentence offenders to state prison. The wide variation and inequality in the resulting sentences comes by reason of so many judges acting individually, without any method or machinery for standardizing this administrative part of their work, often without more than a scintilla of information about the person whose entire future hangs in the balance of the scales of justice. Judges have but a brief glimpse of the offender, in an atmosphere of tension, made unnaturally so by the effort to secure a conviction on the one side and by the effort to escape conviction on the other; an atmosphere frequently surcharged by momentary public excitement. It must be borne in mind that approximately 75 per cent. of those sentenced have entered pleas of guilty without trial. In all of these cases the judge has no opportunity of studying the prisoner and very little opportunity of learning his record. He can of necessity see little of the personal background, learn little of those individual elements which go to make up the whole case of the offender. Justice becomes machine made—so much sentence measured off to fit a certain crime.

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No physician would limit or specify in advance the length of time a tubercular or smallpox patient should spend in a hospital, and for the same reason the courtroom is not the place, nor is the judge the proper person, with the limited scope of information at his command, to fix in advance the period of the sentence. All sentences should be completely and entirely indeterminate. Men are released every week who should be retained in prison for their natural lives, and men are being retained who could with absolute safety and with great economic gain be released.

As a striking example of variation, let me cite the 119 sentences for the crime of burglary in the third degree in Kings County in one year. These ranged from twenty suspended sentences up to one of ten years, with twenty-seven different varieties of sentence for the same crime. I know of one instance where a single judge in one day imposed seven sentences for the crime of robbery in the first degree. Two were for twenty years, four for ten to twenty years and one for seven and a half to twenty years.

These instances are not exceptional. They are typical of the administration of criminal law. Of course there are special conditions which make some of this variation fair and just. However, special conditions and circumstances can account for only a small part of the variation and even such special facts as do exist cannot be completely or properly understood at the time of sentence. This continuing element of inequality fosters in the minds of the prisoners a feeling of having been unjustly and unfairly treated and no man who enters prison in that frame of mind is fertile soil for the seeds of reformation. This inequality is still further enhanced by the practice of bargaining for pleas. Under this custom we receive in prison men that are guilty of robbery sentenced for a crime of much lesser degree. We receive men guilty of rape, sentenced for assault, and men guilty even of murder, sentenced for manslaughter in one of the lesser degrees. The worst feature of the practice seems to be the prevailing opinion among criminals, which unfortunately is well founded, that bargains are possible with the prosecutors and with the courts. Another cause of bitterness among prisoners and unfairness in sentences is the negligent attitude of some criminal lawyers toward their unfortunate clients. Observing the relation

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between many prisoners and their attorneys, it appears to me that there is a large opportunity for improvement in the ethics of members of the legal profession.

A problem coördinate with the indeterminate sentence is that of parole. In the successful operation of our parole system we shall find the greatest cure for recidivism. During the last fifty years there has been developing a steadily growing public consciousness that there are other ends than mere retributive punishment to be accomplished by imprisonment; that the offender should be reformed if possible; that there is great possibility of gain both to society and to the offender himself, if through his prison life he can be refitted to take his place in the ranks of wage earners, of self supporters. In seeking for this result, in the gradual development of this reformative theory, the indeterminate sentence and parole have grown together in close association. They supplement each other. There can be no real reformative method of imprisonment without making use of both of these means.

II

I have endeavored to indicate some of the problems, some of the difficulties which occur, day by day and year by year, in prison work and in the field of criminology. I shall now discuss the remedies by which we are attempting to solve these problems, the goals toward which we are striving. There is in my opinion no single prison problem to be settled by one general prescription. There is a separate problem in each man who comes to us. The prison receives the human wreckage cast aside by all the other agencies engaged in educational and in philanthropic work. It is the last resort of the social misfit. The best administered prison in the world will not reform all; the worst administered will reform some. The man who is a burglar, a "stick up man", a gunman or a gangster, is still the same sort of an individual after admission to prison. There is no mysterious method by which habits firmly intrenched by years can be immediately corrected. In the application of punishment in general, the great trouble with our system has been that we have habitually prescribed the same dose of medicine for all kinds of crime disease. The only

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variation has been in the amount of medicine prescribed and even in that our measurement of the dose has been unscientific and haphazard. Society has never fully realized that certainty and not severity is the most desirable element in any form of punishment. What happens to the child whose parents continually threaten a whipping for misbehavior, but who never carry out the threat? The same is true of the State in its relation to the criminal. It threatens death for the murderer, but it applies the punishment to one out of eighty-five; it threatens long prison terms for robbery, but many are never caught and many of those who are caught, through bargaining for pleas, escape with light sentences. By this I do not mean to advocate severe sentences, or to advocate sentences for any definite length of time. The point is that in the mind of the criminal, the State has failed to give what it said it would.

The length of sentence has very little deterrent effect on the mind of a man tempted to commit crime. He may gamble on the chance of a short sentence because of the uncertainty and inequality that exist, but as a rule the only consideration in his mind is whether he can escape detection and conviction. Montesquieu has said: "If we inquire into the cause of all human corruptions we shall find that they proceed from the impunity of crime and not from the moderation of punishment." If the detection and punishment of a criminal act could be made inevitable and if the offender knew that the period of his punishment depended on his own mental and moral progress and development, there would be more hesitation and, after the first offense, less recidivism.

In the consideration of capital punishment and of all punishment, this aspect should be firmly fixed in mind. It is not the nature of the penalty which deters, but the certainty with which a penalty of some sort will be applied. The indeterminate sentence and the development of the modern principles of parole have been the great forward steps in our penology of today. We are coming to a new point of view, that society is better protected by the rehabilitation of the offender, and that it is very difficult, if not impossible, for the judge to know in advance how long a time will be required for such social readjustment; that it is more in

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line with justice to the offender and more beneficial to society in general to determine the length of the sentence after a period of observation than at the time of the trial. The true operation of parole should be on the basis of the gain in character, whereas the sentence by the court and subsequent release at an arbitrarily predetermined time is based solely on the crime.

Our penal laws provide the penalty to fit the crime, rather than to meet the needs of the offender. Judges by law and of necessity must follow this theory. No other course is possible under our criminal procedure with so many cases pressing for decision and with the necessity for quick action to avoid the congestion of courts and detention jails. But with the development of the classification prison there will be provided the necessary period for observation, without causing any delay in the administration of justice. Complete mental and physical examinations can be made; the past history, the heredity and environment of the prisoner ascertained and studied; psychiatric and educational tests made; his present tendencies, his habits observed; his future prospects in life appraised; the attitude of his relatives and friends discovered. From all of this data a scientific prognosis can be made. There can be determined with some degree of accuracy an estimate of the time required to restore the man to a condition in which he is fitted to reënter society and support himself and his dependents. Or there can be determined, if such be the unfortunate outlook, that there exists no probable hope for his rehabilitation. Nor will the general use of the indeterminate sentence necessarily mean shorter terms in prison. It will mean shorter terms for some, for those fitted morally and physically to be released; but it will mean longer terms for others, for those who give no indication of change in their anti-social attitude. It will mean that each man through his own individual effort will be able to make the key that will give him his freedom.

With the increasing application of the principle of the indeterminate sentence there has developed a broader and more scientific use of parole, so that this measure is far from being in the experimental stage. Broad parole provisions have been adopted by many states, with a varying length of time necessary to be served by the offender before the parole authorities can act.

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No State which has adopted this enlightened legislation has ever taken it off the statute books. Rather has the path of progress been toward a broader law, toward enlargement of parole opportunities.

Parole also offers a greater opportunity for requiring some form of restitution by the offender. This should enter more into our judicial procedure and practice than has been the custom in the past, and it is possible to do this under the broader application and use of the indeterminate sentence and parole. Restitution in many cases can be made a prerequisite of earlier release; it can be an active factor in the conditions to be met during parole. Confinement for a definite period creates in the minds of most offenders the idea that the debt to society, the debt to the wronged individual, is paid in full by the imprisonment. This is the general conception of punishment, and indeed, it can almost be said to be the foundation of the theory of punishment held by our courts. We must not neglect the great possibilities of gain, not only to society but to the individual, in making punishment more a matter of restitution, less a matter of punitive imprisonment.

When a man commits an anti-social act he must be removed from society, but the removal should be into an environment where, except for actual contact with the outside world, conditions will be as normal as possible. Occupation, education, cultivation should continue. In this environment he should be confined indefinitely until his fitness determines the time of his release, and during the time of his confinement, he should be taught that it is to his advantage to learn social ways in place of his anti-social habits. It should be demonstrated to him that crime does not pay. It costs millions of dollars each year to fight crime. We could well afford to hire the best men in the world to present this view point to our criminal population. By the best men, I mean practical and successful men.

So the question comes to this: Is the prisoner safely retained in the institution during the period of his sentence, and is he released at its conclusion fitted in the best possible way to take his place again in society? For all of our prisoners, except those who die or are executed, sooner or later must be returned to society, and the problem as I see it is to do all that is possible to fit them

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for their ultimate release. Men do change their ideas, and the majority of prisoners released make good, otherwise this work would not be worth while. The criterion by which success or failure of the method is to be judged is the percentage of men who make good when they leave the institution.

Men confined in an institution must suffer loss of liberty; they must forego freedom of individual action. They are obliged to work almost as slaves without incentive. Their correspondence is censored, and visits with their friends and families are held under the supervision of a guard. But in spite of this it is possible to obtain cheerful obedience to necessary rules, to build up a spirit of group morale and group responsibility that is at times astonishing. Self government is not only possible to a certain degree, but is most important. Let any thoughtful man watch the fourteen hundred inmates in this institution file into the recreation hall to witness a picture or to attend a lecture, quietly and in perfect order, yet entirely under inmate supervision without a guard or an officer; let him watch their behavior during the performance; watch them at its conclusion file out again; let him realize that this body of fourteen hundred men includes types of every kind and degree of criminality, and I defy him to say that this spirit of group responsibility cannot be cultivated within prison walls.

At the beginning of the article I dwelt on the fact that comparatively few realize the great importance of scientific study of these problems. Let me emphasize how vastly important it is, not only that the handling of delinquents should be intrusted to intelligent people, but that all the intricate problems within the field of penology should be more thoroughly studied and understood by intelligent people.

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THE BOSTON ATHENAEUM

BY JOHN CLAIR MINOT

THE Boston Athenæum, unique among American libraries and richest of them all in its traditions, is a cousin of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Both are descendants of The Anthology Society, which a little group of scholarly Bostonians founded in 1805. The library and reading room of the society became The Athenæum in 1807. The magazine of the society died in 1811, and one of its most active workers, William Tudor, Jr., launched THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW in 1815, less as a new magazine than as a revival.

For a hundred and twenty years The Athenæum has been the embodiment of cultural and social Boston at its best. It is as characteristically Bostonian as the Common nearby, and Beacon Hill where its massive home has stood since 1847. That structure was designed by a Cabot, and in the Presidency of The Athenæum a Lowell has followed a Quincy and an Eliot has followed an Adams. The first of its trustees was William Emerson, the father of Ralph Waldo, and down to date the most luminous names of the city have made up the list. The roll of the families in whose possession its precious shares have descended generation after generation is the Golden Book of Boston.

From this the uninitiated may gather that The Athenæum is vastly more than a library of 300,000 volumes, with an incidental art collection, for the benefit of the proprietors and their invited guests. At least, the fortunate guests soon realize it. During the last year, as usual, they have represented virtually all the States of the Union and numerous foreign lands. They have browsed freely among the books in the beautifully vaulted reading rooms and along the galleries and in the sunny alcoves of the six floors. They have written their own books there, as did many a bearer of a deathless name long years ago. They have sipped their afternoon tea, from which they look down through the great

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elms to the gray stones of the Old Granary Burying Ground where the Boston generations that Copley painted lie secure. They have been told the romantic story of the goldfish on the delivery desk, and of the fund—one of the almost endless list of Athenæum funds—that keeps the rooms supplied with flowers. And from Librarian Bolton, now rounding out his thirtieth year there, and from all his ideally efficient staff, they have received courtesies that enlist them forever among those who resent "coldness" as applied to the heart of Puritan New England.

The Athenæum has gathered priceless treasures of both literature and art through the years. It includes the oldest library in New England, about two hundred volumes that William III sent over to King's Chapel in Boston in 1698. It includes about four hundred books which were the bulk of Washington's library at Mount Vernon. It includes the largest existing collection of books, pamphlets, newspapers and periodicals printed in the South during the Civil War. Its collections of first American editions, of early New England newspapers, of early Government documents, of international law, of Gypsy literature and of Dutch history are particularly notable and provide source material for scholars the world over. With all that, it is kept so well up to date that it is not merely a shrine of learning and a retreat for literary workers, but a family library for the social elect of Boston and, in a semi-public way, for a far larger circle.

As long ago as 1850 The Athenæum had its ghosts. Hawthorne wrote about one of them in his *Note Books*. Mary J. Regan, for half a century a member of the library staff, tells of many more in her *Echoes from the Past*. Barrett Wendell, who had a room of his own at The Athenæum in his last years, believed that riotous general reading there turned Dr. Holmes from devotion to medical science into the path that led to *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. Choate and Webster, Emerson and Alcott, Longfellow and Hawthorne, Channing and Ripley, Sumner and Everett, Whipple and Ticknor, Elijah Kellogg and Marion Crawford—these are of the many to whom The Athenæum was a club and a daily workshop. The great New England historians, Prescott, Parkman, Palfrey, Bancroft, Hildreth and Young, lacked little of living there during their busiest years.

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In the early period women were not admitted to The Athenæum—except to its art gallery, which was Boston's first public collection of paintings. It did not occur to the proprietors that their wives and daughters should be allowed among the bookshelves. It was feared that the narrow galleries and steep staircases "would cause a decent female to shrink", and that "a considerable portion of a general library should be to her a closed book"; also that the presence of women "would occasion frequent embarrassment to modest men". The first woman to penetrate the portals was Hannah Adams, the historian, whose distinguished family connections among the trustees won her the victory in 1829. A little later she became the first of the many thousands who sleep in beautiful Mount Auburn. In 1833 Lydia Maria Child complained that her anti-slavery writings cost her the privilege of taking out Athenæum books, but the records are silent on the subject. Since 1857 women have served on the library staff.

When the Boston Public Library was organized in 1852, backed by great financial resources, The Athenæum was threatened with absorption. For half a century it had held sway at the center of an intellectual city. It had itself absorbed many libraries. Several of the proprietors urged consolidation. After a campaign that reverberated in the columns of *The Daily Advertiser* for a year, the proprietors "by a large majority" refused to sell. Then they issued more shares to strengthen the financial position of The Athenæum and vigorously developed the institution for the still larger and richer fields of service in which it has been winning glory ever since. If you crave the possession of one of those shares—no new shares have been issued since 1858—first feel your way into the affections of the Boston family that owns it by purchasing the Paul Revere silver, the ancestral portraits by Copley and the Willard clock.

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WHITHER, MANKIND?

BY JAMES W. MAVOR

We are told on very good authority that the earth on which we live is at least fifteen hundred million years old. The evidence for this lower limit to its age comes from a number of independent and reliable sources, astronomy, physics, geology, biology, and there seems no reason why it should not continue in approximately its present state for a similar period of time. The age of man, at most, dates back a million years, and that only by stretching the term to include all man-like creatures. Man has lived on this earth, therefore, less than one one-thousandth of the time it has been in existence; indeed, probably only one one-thousandth of the time life has existed on the earth.

During the time man has existed on earth, he has developed at an ever increasing rate until now he occupies a unique position in the organic world. In the beginning an almost defenseless anthropoid narrowly confined in his distribution, he has become the dominant organism on earth. This dominance we recognize as due to his use of tools, his intelligence, and more especially with the advent of civilization, his ability to undertake coöperative enterprises on a vast scale. This development has been a gradually increasing one, at first so slow as to be scarcely comprehensible to one living in the present day. Paleolithic man existed over a period of one hundred thousand or more years. During this time his progress, when judged by the criteria by which we measure our progress today, was almost nil. Neolithic man, again, while he developed a social organization, could scarcely be said to have dominated the earth.

At most, civilization dates back six or eight thousand years, and the scientific age, to which is confined man's real dominance of the earth, has lasted but four or five hundred years. Compared to the time during which life has existed on earth, this is but one part in two million or as one second in a month. During this

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short period man's progress has been exceedingly rapid, the whole of the Western World has been rediscovered and civilized, the population has increased enormously, the invention of the steam and gas engines and the discovery of electricity have placed sources of energy in the hands of man equal to many times the man power of the world; with the aeroplane he has spanned the oceans, with the submarine he has travelled under them, and he has drilled his tunnels through mountain ranges. Many diseases have been eradicated or controlled, and the wild beasts which put terror into primitive man now survive only under government protection. Indeed, man has gone into every nook and corner of this earth and his devices have penetrated not only wherever there is life but beyond into the air above and the rocks below, the frozen North and the torrid desert.

Through all this the surprising thing is that it has all come so quickly and the advance seems to go on with ever increasing rapidity. Can one wonder that our philosophers stop in their dreams to ask "Whither?" Has this great monster which we call civilization and which has come upon man so suddenly, almost unawares, come to swallow him and make an end of mankind?

During the long ages organic life has been developing on earth certain principles have been in vogue. Form has succeeded form in the great pageant of evolution, the simple giving rise to the more complex, adaptation everywhere winning for the organism its place in the scheme of things, through it all a forward movement. Nature rarely marks time or turns back; as the face of the earth changes so changes its organic life. With a speed far surpassing that of Nature man is changing the face of his earth.

Through all this, however, man himself—man the organism—has changed little. Anatomically, the men of ancient Egypt and Greece did not differ from men of the present time. The cranial capacity of late paleolithic and neolithic man was not less than the average of today. Has man through some God given power been able suddenly to throw away his biological heritage and become exempt from those principles which seem to have determined the progress and the extinction of other organic species?

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The command of Nature is "Grow and reproduce". Biologically man's success, as that of the lower organisms, depends on his ability to carry out these two orders. Only after growth to maturity can reproduction occur, but growth without reproduction is death to the species. In growth the human species has been and is singularly successful. In few if any species does such a large proportion of the individuals born reach the reproductive age; and further, the astounding progress of civilized man has been accompanied by a corresponding increase in the proportion of individuals who reach maturity.

On the score of reproduction he would seem to be equally successful since during the period referred to the population has increased with ever increasing rapidity. There are, however, certain aspects in which human reproduction at the present time differs from that of organisms in a state of nature. There the fittest reproduce and reproduce most frequently. Any cause which tends to decrease the fertility of a species or race in nature tends to its quick extinction. In the human species, however, beside the restriction of reproduction, especially among the more fit, the process seems to be becoming naturally more difficult for women, and were it not for the advances of medical practice it would also be increasingly dangerous. We see here one of the most significant anatomical changes which are known to be occurring in civilized races. Here a real evolutionary change seems to be going on; and this a change which seriously interferes with the natural process of reproduction. Found in nature occurring in the individuals of a species, it would undoubtedly be regarded as a sign of retrogression and probable extinction.

We do not always realize how vital for the species is its rate of reproduction. If, and the thing is by no means impossible, man should suddenly discover and perfect some means of birth control which was universally applicable and easily obtained, the human species might approach extinction in a single generation. Even if actual extinction did not occur, the social disorganization due to lack of workers and otherwise might induce a return to conditions similar to those preceding the advent of civilization.

Man is indeed fortunate in his anatomical structure and physiology; with all their defects they, nevertheless, make possible

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existence under the greatest variety of circumstances, and it would scarcely seem that the range of their adaptability has been exhausted. When one seeks in the organic world for a parallel to human society, he must turn not to other mammals but to the insects—to the ants and bees. It may be remarked incidentally that from the point of view of age the ant society much surpasses the human. Many thousands of ants including males, females and workers, have been beautifully preserved in amber from the lower Oligocene of date about twenty million B.C.

Ant societies, especially the more highly developed, are composed of many different kinds of individuals, workers, soldiers, queens, males, etc. Unlike human beings, however, the ant individuals differ not only in their activities but also in their structure. This has solved many social problems for the ant. There is no question as to who shall work, who shall fight, or who shall bear children. This is all determined for the individual before it sees the light of day. It is generally true of organisms that when individuals perform different functions in a colony their structure tends to become correspondingly differentiated. Indeed, to an outside observer one of the many surprising things about the human colony would undoubtedly be how it could possibly carry on as it does fairly peacefully without structural differences determining the positions of the individuals in the colony. One obvious question for the prophet of the future of man is, "Will the human race become differentiated structurally corresponding to the occupational differences between its members?"

Among the calamities, real and imagined, which have been thought capable of exterminating the human race, disease figures prominently. It is worth while to stop and think what would happen to humanity were a Twenty-Eighth Amendment to be passed by the United Human Races, and duly enforced, prohibiting the use and manufacture of all antitoxins, vaccines or other sera, together with the use of all medicinal drugs. Not only should we expect epidemics of many serious diseases, but conditions in the world at large would probably be much worse than they were during the great plagues of ancient times and the Middle Ages. The Great Plague of the Orient in the Sixth Cen-

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tury is estimated to have killed a hundred million people. The Black Death of the Fourteenth Century killed in parts of Europe two-thirds to three-quarters of the population. Conditions brought about by our modern civilization tend to produce a greater and more rapid spread and a greater virulence of epidemic diseases. It would be almost impossible to picture the plight of man were modern medicine taken from him. However, it is extremely unlikely that disease alone would lead to his extinction. Epidemics, like individual cases, run their course. Individuals always remain, either immune or unexposed to the disease, to continue the species.

Man's real distinction and his pride, that which distinguishes him from all other organisms, is the development of his intellect, something which it is impossible to define in terms of structure, difficult even in terms of function. As one scans the geological periods and sees the different groups of animals and plants rise and fall, species after species evolving, becoming abundant, even dominant, then passing out of sight, he is impressed by the fact that it is the striking, unusual characters of a species—its specialties, as it were—that seem to be responsible for its rise and also, when times change, for its disappearance. So far man's progress has been due to his intellect. May not this intellect be, when viewed in its proper perspective in nature, but a specific character of man? If so, how far will it carry him? Will man's end like his rise be due, as seems to be often the case in other organisms, to the over-development of a specific character?

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HENRIK IBSEN: *AET.* 100

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

On March 20, one hundred years ago, Henrik Ibsen was born in the little Norwegian town of Skien. With his first breath he inhaled the narrow parochialism of its inhabitants; with his first conscious observations he saw the meeting house, the town prison and pillory, the mad house. Nothing to smile over at such sights!

At first the Ibsens were of some pecuniary worth in the town; then financial reverses overtook them, and they had to move to a farm away from the social atmosphere to which they were accustomed. High society turned a cold shoulder toward them, and Henrik, even though but eight, felt the first jibes of social injustice. He was an "uncomfortable" boy, so declared one of his sisters, a veritable bungler at play, a silent dreamer who practised his water colors, studied his Latin, read his Bible, and writhed beneath the indignity of poverty.

When, later, there began in him the growth of a consciousness that his gifts as a poet were of a divine nature, he spoke aloofly of all his early associations. Of Skien he declared that the inhabitants were unworthy to possess his birthplace. He cut himself off from his family, because he felt that his predestined work might never be finished within range of their presence. There was always fear that if he remained in the "stuffy" communities at home, he would never accomplish that life work which he was continually exalting in his correspondence. Exile—self imposed—was the only solution. For the greater part of his creative period, he remained away from Norway.

The three strains of Ibsen's inheritance were apparent at an early age in his character: silence, from the Scotch; philosophical interest, from the Germans; high imagination, from the North country. Curiously, his social indignation came, not so much through his sympathy with the victims of a social order as through

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consciousness that he was better than his human surroundings. Iconoclast though he was, he ever remained a Conservative; he always assumed the superiority of the Aristocrat. There was no flaming indignation that would send him to the extreme political Left; there was no pledged sympathy with Socialistic tendencies. His great quarrel with Biörnson was that the latter—full blooded in his presence and his speech, identified himself so heartily with the young Liberals of Norway. Ibsen was no party man: he was a champion of deeper and broader issues. What made him, from his apothecary days at Grimstad to the very end, a driving force, was his fearless onslaught upon the dreadful cankerworm undermining the civilization of his day.

He would accept nothing as it was. He saw around him compromises at the moment of greatest decisions, and his philosophy, tinctured by the influence of Kirkegaard's mandate of "All or Nothing", made him an enemy of compromise. One must *will* to be different, and nothing must be allowed to interfere with the progress of that will. He saw everyone skirting around issues: how he flaunted the evil of this in the character of Peer Gynt! His impetuous, burning faith drove him through issues, cutting relentlessly into the very vitals of the social order. In *Brand* he developed the disastrous consequences of such relentless driving. His area of vision was narrow, tempered by that theological crease of his inheritance which was as definitely marked upon him as was his Norse inheritance. Exile himself as he might for years at a time, in Rome, in Dresden, he was always a Norwegian.

Ibsen lived through the political upheavals of '48 and '71; he saw modern history unfolding before his eyes; he was first-hand witness of the efforts for unification in the North and South, ignominiously handled. His attitude toward the social state was largely formulated under the stinging failure of Norway to realise her own nationalism (so dominant was Denmark, and Copenhagen particularly), to keep her social contracts, to uphold her moral promises, and finally to realize the broader importance of Scandinavian unity. He was prompted, through this excess of feeling, both in the handling of his saga and ballad materials, to be meticulous in the use of vocabulary for fear of showing Danish influence. Yet, curiously, he was aristocrat enough to have a

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hankering for Danish culture. In the popular sense of the word he was not a patriot. He was an individualist working for a better world to live in. As a dramatist he began at a time when the average life was marked by false standards, by weak political policies. No matter how dated *The League of Youth, Pillars of Society* and *An Enemy of the People* may be, they apply to American town life today.

As a young man, Ibsen lived his Grimstad days among a settled community that thought him wild and not quite nice; until after his *Brand* period, he existed under the pressure of dire poverty, scarcely able to wring from Governmental travelling grants enough to see him over the years until he had gained a footing. Stern, exacting though he was socially, his few friends, in better financial condition than he, came to his rescue, saved him from absolute penury.

"Happiness is worth a daring deed", he made Hiördis declare in *The Vikings at Helgeland;* "we are both free if we but will it." The word "free" was not understood when he came to write it; it brought him amidst heated controversy. Family relations, the conditions of true love, the settlement of marriage bonds, were hidebound and set. Ibsen astounded the smug social order by his fearless handling of these themes in his plays. When he wrote *Love's Comedy*, tearing the veil from sentimentalism, the press scored his championship of "free love", when he was farthest from advocating such ideas. When he made Nora leave Torvald in *A Doll's House*, he became the real enemy of society, so the public thought, believing as they did that he advocated looseness of the marriage contract. It was early in his playwriting career that Ibsen began to realize the danger of tearing down social institutions, and leaving stranded those who had no social vision as to what might take their place. "The strongest man is he who stands alone," declares Dr. Stockmann. Ibsen brushed aside society as a body. It is the minority that is always right. But Dr. Stockmann half-suspected where "no compromise" would lead to. The shattered windows of his living room suggested it to him!

There followed, after Ibsen's saga period, years when the Norwegian playwright was, as he avowed, literally a lonely *franc*

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tireur at the outposts of civilization. How long it would take for the world to catch up with him could not then be reckoned. Germany was quick to respond to him, and he was played in the German theatres as eagerly as he was announced in the Scandinavian countries. But the critics of his own blood roared bitterly over the intent of most of his plays. After *Love's Comedy*, when he applied for a travelling grant, it was the accepted belief that he deserved no recognition because of his social attitude in that play. They denied the imaginative value of *Peer Gynt*, when they realized that Peer's hedging was a poignant reminder of their own national flinching; they denied that he was a poet, whereupon Ibsen retaliated by shouting that if *Peer Gynt* was not poetry, then it would be. For "the conception of poetry in our country, in Norway, shall be made to conform to the book."

Slowly, Ibsen seeped into other countries. But his ideas were revolutionary to Victorian London. When the English came to producing *A Doll's House*, they had Henry Arthur Jones adapt it under the title of *Breaking a Butterfly*. It was not alone the barrier of language that made Ibsen so long unknown to Anglo-Saxon theatres. He spelled anathema to the Conservative mind; he dealt with the disagreeable, the forbidden questions. Sincerity and outspokenness were not characteristics of the English theatre of that era.

Alone in his day, Ibsen was making a fight for social decency. He was aiming for an Empire of Soul wherein men and women, not bound by narrow considerations, should be complements, one to the other, in the working out of existence. He always combated the suggestion that he was a special champion of the woman problem. What he was really seeking was a moral balance, and whenever he attempted to suggest an adjustment, showing up the social lie as he saw it, he was met by the "stagnationists". He wanted to free men and women from preconceived ideas; this he wished to do in his own individualistic way, a steel, cold, relentless, realistic way, mayhap a narrow, unsocial way, but none the less sincere. He once wrote to Brandes: "My domain is not an extensive one, but within it I do my best."

How often do we catch glimpses of Ibsen in his plays, the full-blooded egoism for which he pleaded being relentlessly expressed

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in the "All or Nothing" of *Brand*; the doubt as to whether such egoism was either commendable or allowable, in *The Wild Duck*; and a final hint, in *When We Dead Awaken*, as to whether such intensive apostolic work was worth the price of life, which flowed by untasted. One may use a burning-glass so intently as to sear oneself, and this Ibsen surely did when he wrote *Ghosts*.

There was no fitful creation about Ibsen; his was almost a set campaign. In one play there was always the germ of another: either in a phrase or in the outline of a character. He always knew he would be the centre of a storm of protest; he rather liked it and would have felt disappointment had there been no opposition. The Ibsen shoe always pinched; he was an uncomfortable playwright. Yet he steadily grew in favor; the vitriolic reception of him was indication that he was being heeded. When *Catilina*—his first play—was published, only thirty-two copies were sold. The first edition of *The Wild Duck* (1884) sold 8,000 copies in a month.

The history of the modern theatre has no instance of a more persistent playwright than Henrik Ibsen. To the very end, he was in a state of creation, which meant aloofness, dispensing with the reading of books and newspapers for fear of being disturbed. His plays went through long periods of incubation, of close scrutiny, but the actual writing of them was a matter of a few months. His canvas was narrow, with deepening observation and intensified conviction. Sometimes he was sidetracked in the writing of one drama for the sake of another—as in the instance of *Emperor and Galilean*. But though *The League of Youth* consumed his energy (since for the first time he was attempting the medium of prose) the philosophy of the "third empire" (a compromise between paganism and Christianity) was dominant within him. He never lost contact with an idea so long as it was unattached from a play.

First and last he was a playwright, an artist working in the theatre. That is often lost sight of in the efforts of some critics to make Ibsen only a purveyor of ideas, and not a poet. If the truth must be told, there was much of the romanticist about him for all his realism. His poetry, especially his short verses, possessed an associative value not unlike that to be found in Words-

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worth (without the latter's love of nature). In memory he lived his happiest life. He was a sensitive artist, too; for all through his ballad and saga period he was feeling for the best form adapted to the new material; he was aware of the fact that as an artist he needed to shape the heroic properly. If later he was to be weaned away from the "ornateness" of verse (for he came to feel that conventional rhythm cramped the free flow of dramatic emotion), he was just as particular about the vocabulary and the naturalness of his prose dialogue. Only those sensitive to the Norwegian dialect can understand the importance of Ibsen's position in the realm of language study. His *Brand* shows the evidences of word coining, similar to the sonorous inventiveness of Carlyle in *Sartor Resartus*.

But the curious commentary about this reformer of the theatre is that he gave to his theatre no really new forms. As a theatre director at Bergen and Christiania, he was reared in the school of Scribe, and from that school he was never able to make a complete escape. The subterfuges of construction that marked the "well made" play were with him to the end; the trickery of occurrence which was stagey and did not smack of the close knit life he championed. His effects were well calculated; his scenes were effective from the acting standpoint; he stretched many moments of sound thinking for the sake of a situation (like Hilda knocking at the door when the Master Builder speaks of the younger generation); but when it came to tampering with his deeper intention, he was adamant, unmoved. Once only did he compromise in his playwriting, when a German producer threatened to write into *A Doll's House* a happy ending, if he did not do it himself. And he conceded the point, but almost immediately after regretted it.

The sum and substance of Ibsen's active life—from the publication of *Catilina* in 1849, to the appearance of *When We Dead Awaken* (written with the restless uncertainty of old age), with its 1900 imprint—was (strange as it might appear with the international furor against his Radical ideas), Conservative, since he never once advocated violence, but steadily upheld an evolutionary change in human nature by the relentless exercise of the human will, and an individual consciousness of the need for

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change. On May 23, 1906, he died, a world figure paid tribute to by the world. No one, outside of Biörnson, Brandes and Hegel, his publisher, knew much of the personal man. The contemplative artist had sapped himself of genial intercourse for concentration upon his dedicated task. He sought for a revolution in the spirit of man. In a way he was on the spiritual Left, but politically always remained a relentless critic of the Liberals and Socialists. To live life over again, pleads Professor Rubek, in the Ibsen Epilogue play! But that is just what one cannot do when, after being dead, one awakens to the consciousness of what one has missed. "We see the irretrievable only then," declares Irene. Ibsen thus paid dearly for his life work. He died, leaving a different theatre, but secretly aware of his great sacrifice. Knowing this, one can forgive the foolish romantic flash of an old man in his late years, when love stirred in him for a young girl, and was quickly brushed aside. Hilda, in *The Master Builder*, is old love's young dream. And, in a recent book on *The Modern Ibsen*, Professor Weigand restates early opinion that the acerbity in *Hedda Gabler* was partly due to the willing excoriation of the Ibsen conscience.

The influence of the Norwegian playwright spread all over Europe. It broke down the hold of romanticism, and prepared the way for the naturalistic school. Sudermann and Hauptmann followed closely in his footsteps; France, in the person of Henri Becque and his *Les Corbeaux*, showed a departure from the theatre ritual of *Hernani* and *La Dame aux Camélias*. The hand of Ibsen was shadowed on the wall of the theatre. During his lifetime many of these intimations were to be noted, and doubtless he, beside feeling deeply their import, experienced a little vainglory (for he was a curiously conceited little man). The evolution of social life went on, and the fights that Ibsen waged were won, and the potency of his preachment waned as the smoke of battle diminished. Some of his disciples went beyond him both in technique and in social vision. Gorky's *The Lower Depths*, Hauptmann's *The Weavers*, dealt with strata of humanity Ibsen knew about only in theory. Remember that to him it was the minority that should rule—little aristocrat that he was! Whenever I see his working people on the stage, I recall to mind old

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Eccles of Tom Robertson's *Caste*. Ibsen's working class is an obsequious one. It is not under economic slavery but rather suffering from a mean quality of soul.

The outpost where Ibsen stood so alone was reached and passed. Dramatists began looking backward at Ibsen, he who had once been the only figure in the forward movement. When he began, the old order was anathema to him—its smugness, its unfairness to women, its lying departmentalism. He wanted to shame his generation for living the lie. Did he do it? At least he made his generation conscious of the lie. Among dramatists he was a veritable woodpecker, hammering at the decayed spots in the tree of life. When he began, he alone was eager to place torpedoes beneath the tragic dead centres of our spiritual existence, beneath the stagnant social conventions. He felt the warped condition of sexual repression, yet at the time there was no Freud to explain the condition.

There was little in the bulk of Ibsen's work so universal as to lift it above its contemporary significance. Acting quality alone will save the social plays for the future. His women were of a period when their mental dependence was uppermost: they rounded out the life work of the male creature; they were struggling for independence, they were ripening for the new era. Nora, despite the rude awakening of Torvald, was back home on the morrow. Mrs. Alving read books of a Radical nature, or at least we are told they startled the Pastor, who took fright at any signs of advanced opinion. But Mrs. Alving was held in check by the shadow of the past. None of these women were really outspoken in the modern sense. I am wondering if Freud has not helped to make the Ibsen heroine old-fashioned.

Henry James scored Ibsen for his dry view of life; he was indifferent in his "vision of the comedy of things". In large part this condition may have been brought about by the manner in which Ibsen has been played in the theatre. The Ibsen cult carried a statuesque, sepulchral tone. Walter Hampden, in *An Enemy of the People*, departs from this manner, and in consequence everyone is surprised over the humor in Ibsen. The same unctuousness was to be seen in the ironic grimness of *The Wild Duck*, given several seasons back. But this the recent re-

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vivals have emphasized: the date of Ibsen. They have been dressed in the old fashioned costumes of the '70's and '80's. The newer generation is approaching Nora one step only removed from the way in which every player approaches Camille.

It is in the broader aspects of character portrayal, in the greater sweeps of philosophy, in the imaginative flights taken in semi-historical and legendary fields, that Ibsen remains untouched by changing condition, and remains supreme. Through such plays he will hold a high position in the heritage of the drama. From *The Pretenders* through *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* to *Emperor and Galilean*, Ibsen was the big creator. It is these that entitle him to larger measure of stability.

The best in Ibsen was written between 1864 and 1892. What he did then was to pioneer an era that came after him. Gorky, Andreyev, Wederkind, were on the threshold; Schnitzler was yet to come; the Free Theatre of Paris, Lavedan, Donnay, Brieux, Rostand, Maeterlinck, D'Annunzio, were still to be heard from. Shaw, in 1892, was writing *Widowers' Houses*, the English drama renaissance was yet to be, and the Irish Revival was some years off. The old theatre still held fast to its traditions, but Ibsen forced the doors open. There were certain thoughts one was not allowed to think and it was in these thoughts that Ibsen basked. The censor held his hand aloft. The Ibsen battles were fought in London by Shaw and those "speak-easy" theatres which mothered the intellectual drama for the benefit of the progressive few. Several pages of invectives were thrown at *Ghosts*, and the anti-Ibsenites, led by the beflowered Clement Scott, critic of the Robertsonian era, failed to stem the current.

Ibsen, *æt.* one hundred, brought the dynamic idea to the modern theatre, from calcium moonlight into the warm sunlight of reality. He was not a profound thinker: *Emperor and Galilean* will not stand comparison with Goethe's *Faust*. But he calls for the same artistic bravery at times that Shaw called for in the theatre externalizing of *Back to Methuselah* or O'Neill calls for in the picturing of *Lazarus Laughed*. He possessed a limited sympathy; this he recognized. But he also knew, and confessed it, that there was something in him which would have made him potent in any age in which he happened to live.

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WHO MOBILIZED FIRST?

BY SIR THOMAS BARCLAY

I

THE Treaty of Versailles contained three clauses which responded rather to the feeling of belligerence than to the desire for the restoration of peace among the contracting Powers. The two for the trial of the former Emperor and his officers have dropped into oblivion. The third, holding Germany responsible for the war and its consequences, the justice of which Germany was made to admit as the price of peace, is not so easily forgotten. Mr. Lloyd George once publicly and officially declared that without it the whole fabric of the Treaty would fall to pieces, and that has been more or less the attitude toward it among the less critical spokesmen of public opinion in France. In Germany the feeling on the subject from the first has been that an avowal of guilt extorted at the point of the sword cannot be allowed to stand permanently, but must be wiped out of the Treaty as an outrage on the first element of justice. President Von Hindenburg recently gave expression to the feeling of the German people in one of his few public utterances. It rankles in the hearts of the Germans, he said, though all that their public spokesmen demand is that the avowal be cancelled as having been obtained under duress.

Can the third clause not be allowed to fall into oblivion like the two others of a kindred nature? "No," say those on one side, "because it is an essential part of the Treaty." "No," say those on the other side, "because it is a falsehood dictated by vengeance and is an insult to a people confident of their innocence."

The object of this article is to contribute arguments, some of them from personal experience, some from the testimony of others, for suspending judgment. We have now sufficient material for regarding it as premature to determine the causes of the war in the sense of the objectionable clause. I had before the

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war opportunities of intercourse with the statesmen of Europe and America which, at any rate, show that the clause may already be regarded as a mere aftermath of war fever. This is also the feeling of many distinguished Frenchmen. If they are reluctant to deal with the subject, it is because they are apprehensive that any concession in the matter might lead to unforeseen demands and reopen questions which it is better to leave to "the healing influence of time". Meanwhile, it will help this influence if we see more clearly why Germany resents being declared solely responsible for the war. I hope that my contribution will show how much evidence we still need, and how important it is to be patient on both sides while this is being collected.

II

The late Hon. John Hay, then United States Secretary of State, in the autumn of 1903 expressed to me his anxiety as to a possible war between France and Germany. The Anglo-French permanent Treaty of Arbitration had just been signed. Speaking of the revival of the movement for an all embracing Treaty of Conciliation and Arbitration between the United States and Great Britain, he observed that there would be opposition by the German population of the United States. "American Germans regard England's friendship with France," he said, "not as a step in the direction of peace, but as a step bringing Europe nearer to a *Revanche* war. They see in an alliance of the British fleet with the French and Russian armies the deliberate purpose of keeping Germany on the sea in such a position of inferiority that the British supremacy will remain unchallenged. France will, on her side, they are convinced, never be satisfied till she gets back Alsace-Lorraine. The Germans here will regard an Anglo-American *rapprochement* as merely intended to inveigle the United States into an *entente* for the destruction of Germany in an Anglo-French interest."

Mr. Hay went on to say the reports from Europe gave him anxiety. There was an apprehension that if a war between Russia and Japan broke out, Germany might be urged by powerful interests to take advantage of her military and naval powers

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while France was without an ally and the *entente* with England was too fresh to be counted upon for any purely Continental matter.

In February, 1904, when the Russo-Japanese War broke out, however, Germany did not stir and it seemed that the Anglo-French *entente* had not been interpreted among European Germans in the sense attributed to it by those on the other side of the Atlantic.

III

At the Hague Conference of 1907, I took opportunity to inquire of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, the chief German delegate, why Germany was intractable on the subject for which the Conference had been originally called. The Baron was rather vehement at times in his language. "Our neighbors," he said, "think we don't see through their manœuvres. The whole thing has been got up to weaken Germany. We have some people at home called Pacifists, who don't see it; more fools they. Do they suppose that Germany with two frontiers to defend against enemies, who are deliberately allied against her, can afford to reduce her defensive power to a maximum which would be only about equal to half their combined maximum? And now we have the enmity of England to face as well."

"But Germany had allies in Austria-Hungary and Italy," I suggested. He said, "Austria-Hungary is a tottering State divided against itself and Italy is out for territorial expansion. Besides she is already conspiring against Austria-Hungary. We must be fit to do without our allies. Austria-Hungary may break up at the first clash of arms, and Italy, we don't even count upon. Our army is now at its minimum strength for defence against its possible enemies. Germany has no military or political ambitions—no ambitions beyond the development of her own overseas possessions. She has no dreams of conquest. England and Germany will assuredly reach some understanding on the naval question."

Shortly afterward, on the retirement of Count Wolff Metternich, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein was appointed Ambassador to London in the belief that he would be able to effect a settlement

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of that stubborn question, but he died in office and none was reached. I was in Berlin at the time of his death. Kiderlen Waechter, who was Foreign Minister, told me that Marschall had been a failure; his very cordiality had disaffected Englishmen not accustomed to the rather boisterous good nature of this child of South Germany. Germany would have to choose a more sedate diplomatist of the orthodox type, who would proceed with delicacy and patience. Kiderlen Waechter also died shortly afterward. Prince Lichnowsky was just the sort of man who appealed to the English, and both he in England and Baron von Schoen in Paris were excellent men for the promotion of good feeling.

And where does the Kaiser come in, asks the reader, and where Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg? It is now their turn.

In 1913, I had a long talk one summer afternoon at Balholmen, Norway, with the Kaiser, who was "on leave" and free to unbosom himself to his friends, on board a friend's yacht.

"I don't know what is wrong with Europe," he said. "People seem to have forgotten what war is. They talk of it as if it were a necessity. War is only a necessity in defence. Germany has been at peace for forty years, and I have shown my convictions in favor of the preservation of peace again and again in spite of frequent provocations. If we had wanted war, we had our chance in 1904–1905, when Russia was engaged with Japan. Don't think there were no Germans who would have taken advantage of it, but I knew too well what Germany's prosperity owed to peace to flinch from my attitude of a sovereign who wished to live through his reign with a unique record of unbroken peace, national prosperity and social betterment as the noblest gems in a royal crown. For that, Germany's military supremacy must be such that none would dare to attack her."

As regarded England the Kaiser was emphatic in his conviction that England and Germany would never go to war with one another. Their industrial alliance made for trust between them apart from their racial affinities. But the Kaiser was not the absolute sovereign he was supposed abroad to be, and though he wished to be kept informed of all that went on he often incurred censure when an irresponsible bureaucracy was to blame. To

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his Chancellor he left a great discretion and followed the advice of the man he intrusted with the office. In Prince von Bülow he had a diplomat of great knowledge, experience and ability; in Bethmann-Hollweg a man of supreme integrity, but little capacity for the direction of foreign affairs.

IV

Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg had been Chancellor for some years at the outbreak of the war. In the autumn of 1912, when I was about to go on a visit to Berlin, I called on M. Poincaré, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, and asked him if I could say anything to Bethmann-Hollweg which could promote goodwill between France and Germany. He has related the incident in the third volume of his book, *Au service de la France*, in the following terms:

> . . . Sir Thomas Barclay came to see me at the Quai d'Orsay and said: "I am going to Berlin. I intend to see M. de Bethmann-Hollweg, whom I have known for a long time. I should be glad to contribute to a *rapprochement* between France and Germany. Do you think that the restitution to France of Lorraine would finally restore the concord? And do you think it possible that in exchange for this restitution France could grant some compensation to Germany, for instance in Asia?" I replied to Sir Thomas Barclay that I had no great illusion in the success of any such *démarche*, but as he offered to feel the ground without implicating the French Government, I relied on his tact and left him free to act as he thought best.

It will be observed that M. Poincaré himself was ready to consider the surrender of Lorraine alone as a "burial of the hatchet", and he is a man of such strongly entrenched patriotism that this is a proof, if any is needed, that France had no aggressive tendencies before the war. Bethmann-Hollweg disappointed me. I thought he would say, "That is very interesting; we must see what can be done. The retrocession of Lorraine purely and simply is practically impossible, but perhaps some means can be found for satisfying French pride. Lorraine being French is, of course, a different proposition from Alsace. I will speak with his Majesty about it and you can tell your French friends that I am deeply impressed by what you say and

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that the seed has not fallen on sterile soil." Alas! he said none of this, nor did he even mention the matter to the Kaiser.

We come now to the visit of M. Poincaré, President of the French Republic, to Petrograd in July, 1914. It was on the conclusion of his visit that the crisis broke out. M. Poincaré is alleged by opponents to have given the Czar an assurance of France's support in the trouble, which was then impending. In the fourth volume of his book, *Au service de la France*, M. Poincaré gives an account of his last conversation with the Czar. After having spoken of all the impending European matters—

> His chief preoccupation was the silent and enigmatic Austria. What was she planning? He did not know and felt anxious. But he said not a word that showed any serious disquietude, not a word that let me suppose that he had any suspicion of an imminent European conflagration.

I may add the private assurance made by M. Poincaré to myself, that he never gave during his visit to Russia or at any time any promise of military support, but only the general one of diplomatic aid in the interest of peace.

M. Paleologue, French Ambassador at Petrograd, in his book, *La Russie des Tsars pendant la Grande Guerre*, records that on July 25, 1914, when seeing Mr. Iswolsky off, he found the station crowded with soldiers and officers, and remarks "*Cela sent la mobilisation*". He states that on July 28 he warned M. Sazonov to be careful to take no military measures, which might be regarded as a provocation to Germany. On July 29 the order for the mobilization of thirteen Army Corps was published, and the German Government was informed thereof in a communication which stated that no military measure was directed against Germany, although on the same day the Vice-Director of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs told M. Paleologue that a partial mobilization had been declared by the General Staff to be an impossibility. Nevertheless, on July 30 the Czar countermanded the decree of general mobilization. M. Paleologue telegraphed to Paris accordingly, and yet early in the morning of July 31 a decree of general mobilization was issued and published. On the same day a twelve hour ultimatum was delivered by Ger-

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many, stating that if Russia did not suspend "her measures of mobilization" the German army would also be mobilized.

M. Paleologue does not comment on the way in which his warning was disregarded, or on his having been led to telegraph to Paris that the order for general mobilization had been countermanded, whereas it was issued a few hours later. It will be for historians to unravel the mystery of Russia's attitude from July 25, when M. Paleologue noticed already signs of mobilization.

In an interesting article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of last August, M. Sazonov gives his version of what happened on the critical days. He gives credit to the Kaiser and Von Bethmann-Hollweg for good intentions, but blames the latter for not exerting with the necessary firmness the restraining influence he might have brought to bear at Vienna. He also credits Count Berchtold with a change of attitude in the eleventh hour after it was too late to stop the oncoming catastrophe. In fact he makes it pretty clear that the moment the danger became a real menace to peace all the general staffs urged immediate action: the Austrian against Serbia, the Russian against Austria, the German against Russia and France; all anxious lest delay might be prejudicial and allow the enemy to strike the first blow before they were ready.

Since writing the above, I have received a letter from Count Berchtold concerning the statement made by Mr. Sazonov that the Russian general mobilization succeeded that of Austria-Hungary. This, he writes, was not so:

> On the 25th July our mobilisation of eight corps took place on the Servian (not on the Russian) frontier, following the Servian mobilisation. Our general mobilisation against Russia was ordered on the 31st of July at 12:30 p. m., about a day later than the Russian general mobilisation had been officially proclaimed.

As it was contrary to any imaginable motive that Austria-Hungary should have mobilized for an attack on Russia, until proof of the contrary it may be assumed that Count Berchtold's dates are correct and that the first general mobilization in date was that of Russia.

VI

Amid all this tangle, it is not easy to sit in judgment on the origin of responsibility for the War. We need more light. But

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we have now enough to prove that neither France, nor Germany nor the latter's Sovereign, nor the Czar, wanted war. Yet it came for no obvious purpose, like a cyclone, in spite of efforts on all sides to avert it, and like a cyclone it has left nothing but ruin behind it. The wise will suspend judgment until we know a great deal more than has as yet been made known to the public. In the Russian Black Book, and the German and English State Papers in course of publication, we are already on the way to a documentation which will enable men of another generation to see the events of the last half century in their proper perspective and judge the men who governed the respective foreign policies with the detachment requisite for adequate treatment of events in which the personal factor has had too large a part among contemporary writers.

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CHEESECAKES IN LITERATURE

BY GEORGE S. WYKOFF

DR. JOHNSON once said (and only the Recording Angel knows the number of exordiums that can be attributed to the garrulous old Doctor), in illustrating a story dealing with retirement from the unhappy indispositions of this world (see Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, page 161), that "Miss Dolly makes the charmingest chicken broth in the world, and the cheesecakes we ate of hers once, how good they were!" Now, we moderns may not care the slightest who Miss Dolly was, but should our epicurean tastes number among our gastronomic desires chicken broth of charm and cheesecake of a richly golden, delicate, crumbly, paste-like yellow, we should surely consider the discovery of such a sentence in Johnson to be the index finger of Providence scribbling on the blackboard of literary research.

It is generally admitted in scholarship that the ambition to know more about a certain subject than any other man, living or dead, is a worthy one. So, without any pompous vanity or vain fanfaronade on my part, I may say, with becoming modesty, that about cheesecakes in literature no one since the day of Adam's creation has been or is better fitted to speak or write than I. For I have labored with incessant continuity in the musty archives of dusty libraries in all the leading and lesser cities of the earth, and am able now, for the first time, to give the startling results of my valuable investigations to the world of scholarship and research.

The origin of the term "cheesecakes" is Anglo-Saxon: "cheese" is from the Old English word *tzscheeze*, meaning cheese or curd; "cake" from the Old English word *kaake*, meaning cake; hence, *cheesecake*, a cake made with cheese, or curds; the delight of the human kind since the dawn of the universe, and possibly one of the chief factors in the civilization of the world.

The term itself first occurs in the *Commentaries* of Cæsar, Volume XXXII, Chapter 17, under the name of *morsus deliciosus*.

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Cæsar has been describing his conquest of Gaul and Britain, and in picturing the customary manners of the ancient Celts, he tells of the marvellous delicacy which he found these half-civilized savages gourmandizing in great circular shaped masses; in fact, it seemed to be the chief calory-containing food substance in their diet. You may remember the somewhat famous passage: "*Quæ cum appropinquarent Britanniæ et ex castris viderentur morsus deliciosus, tanta tempestas subito coörta est deliciosus.*" Cæsar then gives a most naïve recipe for the baking of cheesecakes, and says that, when he returned to Rome, his British discovery became the chief glory of the age.

The popularity of cheesecakes continued through the centuries, and though the term is not specifically recorded in the written records of the people, there are hints in Bede's *History* and Alfred's *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, which are believable and trustworthy evidence for assuming that these ancient authors waxed merry over many a bowl and platter of milk and cheesecakes. Chaucer—and I feel proud in assigning to him, for the first time, the epithet, "the poet of the dawn"—makes definite use of the word. In his rhyming burlesque of Sir Thopas, this knight has recited some several hundred lines of his poem, when the grouchy old host exclaims: "Drat on this dratty rhyming—cease!" But Sir Thopas is so enveloped in his story that he continues his narrative, rocking to and fro on his horse in time to the metre. The genial host is so exasperated that he takes from his lunchbox a huge slice of cheesecake, and, waiting until the Baronet is declaiming the loudest, skilfully throws it over the heads of four other Pilgrims into his mouth, and effectually concludes the narrative. This incident of Chaucer's relation is believed to be the original of some of the elements in the slapstick farces of modern motion pictures, especially the recently popular pie-throwing habit, but I need not go further into the matter, as it has been fully covered in Professor Searchem's excellent treatise, *What Cheesecakes Have Done for American Movies.*

The tradition is carried on by Spenser as the greatest of the non-dramatic Elizabethans. This wily poet well knew good Queen Bess's fondness for cheesecakes, and his desire to propitiate her and gain patronage led him to pay her the elaborate compli-

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ment of mentioning the delicacy several times in the immortal *Faërie Queene*. In his letter of design to Sir Walter Raleigh, he says: "My plan is to have the Faërie Queen hold a banquet for twelve successive days, at which every one is to be given as much cheesecake as he can eat. A knight is to be sent forth on a quest each day," etc. The second reference occurs in the thirteenth canto of the First Book. The Red Cross Knight has slain his eighteenth monster, as the clock strikes twelve noon, and we have that beautiful, idyllic picture of Una and St. George as they are sitting together under a shadowy oak tree and feasting on their simple lunch of lamb's milk and cheesecake sandwiches. One stanza quoted will be more than sufficient:

> Beneath the spreading chestnut's spreading leaves,
> They laid their simple luncheon on the green;
> Of lamb's milk was it, and of cakes of cheeze,
> Delicious banquet more had ne'er been seen.
> And in the shining sunlight's summer sheen
> Whoe'er might happen to have passed that way
> Did see a joyous, feasting pair, I ween,
> Fair Una and the Knight of Red Crosse gay,
> Who vowed the cakes of cheeze had truly won the daye.

Queer, indeed, would it have been if the greatest immortal of the immortals had neglected to utilize this now widely popular viand, and my most careful study of Shakespeare's works and life has been richly rewarded by my learning that he was fully aware of its importance both for dramatic and biographical purposes. In fact, while browsing in Stratford-on-Avon not long ago, I accidentally stumbled upon some entirely new materials which I am sure will be of untold value to future writers of the life of the famous bard. One is a brief letter from Shakespeare to the Earl of Southampton, dated 1601 at London, which explains why he married Anne Hathaway. Let me quote a pertinent paragraph:

> You ask me, milord, why I was so foolish as to marry a woman eight years older than myself, when there were so many pretty young belles in the country seeking husbands. Ah, milord, do you not remember that famous line in my first play, "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach"? Let me tell you, then, that my Anna can bake the most delicious cheesecakes that ever melted in the mortal mouth of man. Add to this most necessary quality a charming personality, a handsome figure, and a rather pretty face—my Anna would stand a pretty good chance in a beauty show—and you will believe me when

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I say that I should have married her had she been forty-eight, instead of eight, years my senior. Milord, I simply can't resist cheesecakes; my mouth waters even now at the thought of those my Anna bakes, and were it not for the fact that I go down to Stratford every month or so, there to feast on this solid nectar of the gods, I should be tempted to chuck this whole stage business of writing and acting plays, and retire to the old home town to live, as I sometime mean to do. I am, milord, etc., etc.

Further evidence is found in the Hathaway cottage at Shottery. There, in the living room, is an old wooden dining table, and a careful observer will see, carved in rude letters along the edge on one side, presumably by Shakespeare, the following: "At this table did W. S. eat cheesecakes baked by Anne H., Nov. 14, 1582." What a lovely domestic scene these words convey! A cheery, roaring fire blazing in the fireplace, the slender, graceful Anne setting home-brewed cider and home-baked cheesecakes before the young gentleman, and Will, seated on a low stool, busily eating, drinking and carving at the same time. I should not be surprised if it were some day shown that it was this fondness of Shakespeare for cheesecakes baked by Anne Hathaway which led him to formulate the clause in his will bequeathing to his wife that most valued piece of furniture, his second best bed.

There is much in this matter, too, that has a bearing on the Shakespeare-Baconian controversy. I am not an adherent to the Baconian theory, but if I were, I should here find much material that would be excellent evidence on my side of the question. One of the chief difficulties heretofore has been, if Bacon wrote the plays, and Shakespeare published them, how the former contrived to send the plays to the latter, without any one, servants, messenger boys, and the like, knowing anything about it, or making any record. Now, what would be more logical than this: when Bacon finished a play, he had it baked in a huge cheesecake, and this was sent to Shakespeare, whose appetite for this delicate pastry everybody probably knew, and who could then proceed to publish and produce the play, with no one suspecting a thing other than that one friend had sent an appetizing delicacy to another. What simplifies the whole matter still further is that Bacon's name might not have been *Bacon* at all—but *Baker*.

Assuming, however, that Shakespeare wrote his own plays, let us see what use he made, dramatically, of cheesecakes. One

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instance will suffice. Few people are cognizant of the fact that *Hamlet* owes its very origin and conception to cheesecakes. We know well that Shakespeare did not believe in ghosts, and, moreover, that he himself well knew the people of his time had long been incredulous in matters of supernatural occurrence. How, then, was he to get around this difficulty, and start the action of his play, without using the perfectly obvious and unsatisfactory method of the *deus ex machina?* He himself explains how he overcame this obstacle in a note suffixed to the printed programme of the play on its first presentation, which material was later included in the preface to the second quarto edition in 1598. The part of the note relevant to our subject is as follows:

> There must be a logical explanation whenever a person sees a ghost. Marcellus and Bernardo, Danes of the Danish, were, like the others of their race, heavy drinkers, and were undoubtedly always drunk enough to see anything. But what about Horatio and Hamlet, especially the latter, whose ardent temperance and prohibitionary tendencies I have well painted in this play? How can their seeing the Ghost be made logical and natural? It's easy—for a playwright like me! Horatio had just come from the University of Wittenberg, bringing with him one of the most loved delicacies of the university students, an eighteen-pound cheesecake. In the attendant joy at their reunion these two had sat down and consumed the whole at one sitting. In this condition I maintain that they could have seen anything, including ghosts and far worse, for the next week at least. If any of my spectators doubt it, let them consume nine pounds of cheesecake, and then faithfully record everything they think they see.

Hamlet probably has this experience in mind later in the play when he says at the end of his all too little known soliloquy: "Thus cheesecake doth make cowards of us all!"

There is one other phase of this subject in reference to Shakespeare which is worthy of record, but as it is purely speculative and depends for proof on undiscovered documents, I shall set it down for what it is worth only as a suggestion to future scholars. Since Shakespeare was so exceedingly fond of cheesecake, it is entirely natural that he should have made arrangements in his old age for a magnificent specimen of this dainty to be buried with him when he died; then, being keenly sensitive of this quite excusable indulgence in sentimentality, and wishing to keep posterity from ever finding out anything about it, he had inscribed on his tombstone the well-known epitaph.

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I have spent so much time and space on the relation of Shakespeare to cheesecakes that I must examine very cursorily only a few of the increasingly many references that occur in literature during the succeeding centuries. Biographers of Milton tell us that after his blindness he every evening made his supper of wine and cheesecake, and if Shakespeare attributed a vivid imagination to the after-effects of such a diet, surely it is no marvel that Milton should give us such a poem as *Paradise Lost*, and should include among the delights discovered by Adam and Eve that soul-satisfying one we have been dealing with, namely, cheesecake.

In the eighteenth century, Pope has a pertinent couplet in his *Essay on Man:*

> A little cheesecake is a dangerous thing;
> Eat much, and taste the joys that it will bring,

and Goldsmith, in his poignantly mooning sentimentality about the "Deserted Village," exclaims:

> Sweet Auburn! Hallowed piece of sacred ground!
> Not e'en a cheesecake now can there be found.

The writers in the romantic revival of the early Nineteenth Century seem to have overlooked the imaginative possibilities of cheescake, but we again find it prominently mentioned toward mid-century. "Tennyson," said Carlyle, "is the powerfulest smoker I know, and he is fonder of cheesecakes than any other man alive." Tennyson himself has made no direct or indirect use of our subject in his poetry, but there are many reasons for believing that his fondness for cheesecakes was the inspiration for his *Lotus Eaters*, and only the smoother onomatopoetics of the latter word caused him to use it as title and subject-matter instead of the former.

Naturally, a period rich in creative writing as was the last half of the Nineteenth Century has much material dealing with this subject, and if any one is interested, the suggestion is hereby made that he investigate all these possibilities, and contribute to the welfare of the world and the well being of posterity a paper with some such title as *The Influence of Cheesecakes on the Literature of the Later Nineteenth Century.*

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AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

EDITORIALLY REVIEWED

THE PRESIDENT AND PAN-AMERICA

If he were Scripturally inclined, as is the New England wont, the President might, with whimsical philosophy, take to himself the complaint of the children in the market place saying to their fellows, "We have piped and you have not danced; we have mourned and you have not lamented." Before he went to Havana he was condemned in advance for going down there to enunciate some imperialistic decree of the "Colossus of the North". And ever since he has been denounced for doing nothing of the sort. Well, we reckon that he long ago appreciated the old fable about the impossibility of pleasing everybody; particularly those who seem to live for the express purpose of not being pleased. To our mind the hostile criticisms that have been uttered against it are just about the highest tributes that could be paid to his felicitous and statesmanlike address at the opening of the Pan-American Congress. For they are of two general kinds. Some proceed from those regions in Latin America in which anti-American propaganda has been most active and virulent, and are obvious echoes thereof. The others come from those European advocates of the League of Nations who seem to think it a noble and holy thing for that League to exist and to be bossed by four or five big Powers, but a most wicked and corrupt thing for a Pan-American Union to exist and to contain the United States, not as a dictator nor even as a *hegemon*, but simply as one among equals. There can be no question, on the other hand, of the favorable impression which the address produced upon the Congress, or of the beneficent influence which it continued to exert upon the deliberations and transactions of that body. It will not be too much to regard President Coolidge's visit to the Cuban capital as having marked something like an epoch in Pan-American relations; both among the American States, North, Central and South, and between them and the rest of the world.

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OUTLAWING WAR

It would be deplorable to have our prompt and generous response to the French proposal of a treaty outlawing war fail because of any disagreement over technical details. Whatever the result, however, our Government will be justified in standing resolutely by the principle that identical treaties may be and if possible shall be made with other Powers. That principle was enunciated once and forever more than a century and a half ago, when we declared that we should "play no favorites" but should hold all nations alike "enemies in war, in peace friends". It is incredible that France should object to that, or should demand an exclusive close corporation compact between herself and America. As for the intimation that France may be debarred from making such a treaty by the Covenant of the League of Nations, which in some of its articles seems to contemplate the use of aggressive war as an instrument for exerting international influence, that is something that concerns not us but the members of the League. It would certainly be interesting to find that the League of Nations, ostensibly founded for the maintenance of peace, was in fact less opposed to war than the country which has been so much reproached for not accepting its Covenant.

"SAFETY FIRST" UNDERSEAS

One thing stands out alone, salient and indisputable, in the piteous tragedy of the Submarine S-4. It has nothing to do with the promptness, the energy and the daring devotion of the Navy Department, from its head to the humblest seaman, in the vain efforts at succoring the victims. We assume these all to have been above reproach. Neither does it concern the tactics of navigation which permitted the fatal collision to be possible. We may grant that they were as prudent as could be. The point is, that as much scrupulous care and inventive genius should be given to providing for the safety or the rescue of the occupants of such vessels in the case of always possible disaster as is given to making them efficient in battle action. We must refuse outright to believe it impossible to provide means by which a disabled submarine can be raised to the surface in fewer hours than the

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days which passed before the wreck of the S-4 could be so much as explored. The notion that such a hulk can be lifted only by burrowing underneath it and thus passing cables around it, is not for an instant to be accepted. Let our accomplished and resourceful engineers turn their attention for a time to devices for averting accidents, and for prompt relief whenever they occur, and we shall have no more such horrors as that which has just shocked and bereaved the nation.

A PATRON OF TITUS OATES

The Mexican scandal reeks rankly; though it is really American rather than Mexican. That a miscreant, for sordid gain, should fabricate "official" documents calculated to cast infamous aspersions upon honorable men and to embroil friendly nations in controversy if not in war, is unhappily not unprecedented in history. But that such forgeries should be accepted and widely published as genuine, in a presumably responsible and certainly influential press, apparently without a single earnest effort to ascertain their validity, is a performance so astounding as to challenge the limits of human credulity. Poor Titus Oates was obviously born before his time.

AN UNCONSTITUTIONAL CONGRESS

That the Congress of the United States, or at least its House of Representatives, is an illegal and unconstitutional body, is a startling proposition, but it would not be easy to disprove its truth. The First Article of the Constitution provides that Representatives shall be apportioned among the States according to the numbers of their inhabitants, for the purpose of determining which there shall be made an enumeration within every term of ten years after the first. The obvious intent is that there shall be a reapportionment of members every ten years, and this intent was invariably and faithfully fulfilled after each decennial census down to and including that of 1910. But the census of 1920 has been completely disregarded, and nearly seventeen years have now elapsed since the imperative mandate of the Constitution was last obeyed, that "Representatives shall be apportioned

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among the several States according to their respective numbers". Three Houses of Representatives have already been elected in violation of the Constitution, in 1922, 1924 and 1926, and there is every prospect that a fourth will thus be elected this year, and indeed that the entire "term of ten years" will pass without the reapportionment which the Constitution prescribes. In thus contumaciously maintaining an unconstitutional existence the House matches the lawlessness of the Senate in denying to two States their equal representation in that body; and thus the entire Congress brands itself as unconstitutional.

PROPHECY FULFILLED

The fittest of all comments upon the fate of the Soviet conspirators and incendiaries against whom their recent dupes in China have at last turned in righteous wrath, was uttered by Hosea ben Beeri nearly twenty-seven centuries ago: "They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind." As for Mr. Braunstein of The Bronx, *alias* Trotzky, he will command little sympathy in his exile to a spot compared with which Devil's Isle might be esteemed one of the "Summer isles of Eden". But at least he may have the mordantly mournful consolation of knowing that the People's Commissars who have exiled him have thus branded themselves the peers of even the most despotic of the Czars in arbitrary intolerance and tyranny. That, too, is a fulfilment of ancient prophecy.

THE SAGE OF WESSEX

Thomas Hardy was not the last of the Victorians, nor the greatest; but he was one of the last and assuredly not one of the least. And he was one of those concerning whom both popular and critical judgments have most varied and will continue most to vary. There are many of most respectable mentality, who would not if they could deny the inescapable and to them supreme enchantment of his prose idyls, which first brought him contemporary fame: *Under the Greenwood Tree, A Pair of Blue Eyes, Far from the Madding Crowd.* There are those who insist that you shall not know literary salvation unless you bow before the sombre

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obsessions of *Tess* and *Jude*. Nor are those lacking who deem the author himself right in holding himself above all else a lyric poet —though we must confess that we find his best poetry in his prose, and his most prosy writing in his poems. Yet it would not surprise us if the future should know him best by that work by which the present knows him least, the colossal epos of *The Dynasts*. Whatever lot may fall, his worthy fame will be as lasting as the place of his own loved Wessex upon the map of England.

ONE PHASE OF FARM RELIEF

There seem to be serious agricultural problems 'way Down East as well as Out West, with which in some cases the farmers themselves are very successfully grappling. Take New Hampshire, for example. The soil there is supposed—by outsiders—to consist chiefly of chunks of granite, and the fields to be mostly tilted up on edge, so as to be traversed with comfort only by the gyascutus, which has legs on one side of its body much shorter than those on the other. Well, the farmers have found it pretty hard sledding in those regions. But instead of wailing for Government aid to make conditions fit their industries, they have set to work themselves to make their industries fit conditions. Thus farms that once maintained five cows apiece and sold 12,000 quarts of milk a year, now each keep 1,800 hens and sell yearly 18,000 dozen eggs and 4,000 to 5,000 chickens—and make good money out of the business. It is not, of course, to be suggested that all farmers everywhere should follow this example by going into the chicken business. But it may seriously be inquired if many of them could not profitably follow it by making such changes in the method of conducting their business as would overcome the unfavorable conditions of which they now complain.

THE WASTE OF WATER

Potable water is one of the prime necessities of civilization and of human life, and is supposed to exist in most countries in inexhaustible quantities. It is therefore a little startling—though not to those who have been closely observant of tendencies in recent years—to find the United States Government instituting an

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expert survey to determine the amount of the available supply and the possibilities of increasing it so as to keep pace with the increasing demand. The extent to which streams and lakes in the densely populated parts of America are being seized by the cities is indeed ominous of an impending scarcity. It is within bounds to reckon, for instance, that if the City of New York continues for the next fifty years to reach out for new supplies at the rate of the last fifty years, there will be not an available source left untapped if not undrained in the entire State. It would seem pertinent, therefore, for the Government not merely to seek new supplies, from underground, but also to consider practical methods of conserving the present surface supply, so that while every actual use for water, even under the prevalence of Prohibition, is abundantly supplied, there shall not be the enormous waste that now incessantly occurs. Two striking illustrations come spontaneously to mind. Experts have estimated that of the hundreds of millions of gallons that daily flow through the mains and faucets of New York, fully one-third is wasted without a pretence of being used, through leaky pipes and taps, carelessness, and other ways. Also, uncounted millions of gallons are used every winter for washing snow and ice from the streets, instead of melting them with heat or removing them with shovels. As for the second city of the Union, Chicago, it is seriously lowering the level of the water in the Great Lakes for the flushing of its drains, instead of disposing of its sewage in a cleanly and civilized fashion. At this ominous rate, the next generation may feel the scarcity of potable water as keenly as the present feels the scarcity of timber.

"SCHUBERT YEAR"

Austria's celebration of 1928 as "Schubert Year" is not too great a tribute to the memory of the composer, albeit it is a belated posthumous recognition of a genius that in life suffered an exceptional degree of discouragement and lack of appreciation. More than a hundred years ago there was another Franz Schubert, who also composed what he called music, and who was under contract to let a certain publisher bring out all his writings. One day the publisher wrote to him in great perturbation, enclosing

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him a piece which a rival publisher had just issued, and which purported to be by "Franz Schubert". "If this is yours," he wrote, in effect, "you are breaking your contract. But I can scarcely believe that it is yours, since it lacks the fine finish of your usual work. Besides, it is numbered 'Opus 1'." The composer replied that of course it was not his, and that he was surprised that his publisher could for even a moment imagine that he could be guilty of writing such wretched stuff. Just who that publisher's Franz Schubert was, and what else he ever wrote beside that indignant letter, we do not seem clearly to remember. But the composition which he scorned as "wretched stuff" is now known to all the world as *The Erl King!*

FOOL QUESTIONS

A consular office of the United States in Europe, examining for her fitness to enter this country a woman whose son had long ago come hither and become a citizen, required that she should answer the question: "How many more feathers has a goose than a duck?" On the face of it, that would appear to be a problem in either mathematics or ornithology. We are officially assured, however, that it is really of "psychiatric interest". From that we dissent. Our conviction, on mature consideration, is that it is a clear case of damfoolery, and we hereby propose as an examination question for candidates for consular positions the Pythagorean problem, "How old is Ann?"

GAIN AND LOSS OF YOUNG WORKERS

It is a curious coincidence that in America there is a marked increase in the number of juvenile workers in industries and at the same time an equally or even more marked decrease in England. Last year there was in this country an increase of about five per cent. over 1926 in the number of American children of fourteen or fifteen years who secured "working papers" from the schools, permitting them to discontinue their attendance there and to enter industrial employment. In England, on the other hand, there was a decrease of about four per cent. in the number of young workers, a process which the Minister of Labour declared "cannot but hinder the revival or development of trade

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and industry, and may prejudice the prosperity of communities." Between the two contrasting conditions there must be a preference for the former. For while there may theoretically be ground for regret at the assumed necessity of having a larger number of children quit school for work, it is obvious that a decreasing number of young persons available for work means a correspondingly lessened number of adult workers a few years hence and thus a national decline in industrial efficiency. Add to this the fact that the members of the Commonwealth of Nations are spending millions of dollars a year for promoting migration of workers from the Mother Country to the Dominions, and cause for concern as to the industrial future of the United Kingdom becomes apparent.

CHERISHING OPTIMISM

The practically universal optimism concerning the American business outlook for the present year is impressive and goes far toward being convincing. It is true that there is an ancient admonition of woe unto those of whom all men speak well, which might, *mutatis mutandis*, have an unfavorable application to these conditions. Yet it would not after all deny but would rather confirm the truth of our prosperity, and would merely enjoin a more scrupulous and vigilant guardianship of it, to see that it does not become impaired through overconfidence nor succumb to hostile attacks from the outside.

"*DE MORTUIS*" REVISED

Some years ago somebody—what was his name?—started the process by writing a "historical romance"—which in fact was neither romantic nor historical—under the caption *When Men Grew Tall*, or something of that sort, and dedicated to the proposition that Aaron Burr was a truly great man and Alexander Hamilton an insignificant little squirt. Since then we have had dear old Barnum, the most lovable self-confessed practical joker in the world, pilloried as a sordid crook; the lion-fronted Beecher reviled as a coward and a trickster; and Washington himself portrayed as a hypocrite and debauchee. And now somebody is trying to deny to Robespierre even the greatness of his crimes. If this sort of thing keeps on, we shall have to revise Plutarch, and say *De mortuis nil nisi bunkum.*

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DOUBLE ACTION EXPERTS

We have no objection to a lawyer's trying to defend his client, charged with murder, on the ground of insanity, and adducing the testimony of experts to that end. Neither do we object to a lawyer's trying to prove, by the testimony of experts, that his client, who has been committed to an asylum for the insane, is entirely sane and should therefore be set at liberty. But with all due deference we must submit that it would be what our English cousins call "a trifle thick" for the two processes to be conducted by the same lawyer, with the same experts, in behalf of the same client, at an interval of only three days.

THE TREASURES OF NEMI

Lake Nemi must surrender its sunken treasures. Such is the decision of Il Duce, and we may expect the fascinating work to be accomplished during the coming summer, with historical results scarcely inferior to those of the excavations of the Forum. The two huge barges or houseboats of Tiberius—or of Caligula, as some insist—have been lying at the bottom of those mystic waters for nineteen hundred years. Yet they are plausibly believed to be in fairly sound condition, and filled with all the sumptuous furnishings that adorned them when they were the scene of imperial festivities; so that their recovery will add much to our knowledge of the early Cæsars and will greatly enrich Rome's museums of antiquities. Not the least gratifying detail of the enterprise will be that it will involve merely the partial and temporary lowering of the level of the lake, and not its entire drainage and destruction, once rashly proposed. No reader of *The Golden Bough* or, indeed, of Roman history, could contemplate with complacence the spoliation of—

> . . . the still glassy lake that sleeps
> Beneath Aricia's trees—
> Those trees in whose dim shadow
> The ghastly priest doth reign,
> The priest who slew the slayer,
> And shall himself be slain.

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FROM PARNELL TO COSGRAVE

The visit of the President of the Irish Free State to this country inevitably reminds us of the visit, long ago, of the "uncrowned King" of Ireland—because, to employ a select Hibernicism, they are so different! No contrast could easily be greater than that between them, in occasion, in circumstances, in spirit, in purpose, and in every essential element and detail. It might well be taken as the measure of the world's political progress in half a century.

TROUBLE IN GUADURAGUA

Now it came to pass that the President of the Republic of Guaduragua was suspected of being in cahoots with a Juju society, of consulting astrologers, and of being under the undue influence of a designing woman; whereupon the Guaduraguan Parliament thought it well to investigate the matter, and came together on its own initiative for that purpose. But the President said, "Naughty! naughty! Mustn't meet unless I tell you to!" and got the court to back him up with a decision that such a meeting was illegal. To that the Parliament replied "Pish! tush!" and likewise "Go to!" and kept right on with its meetings. The President, recalling Cromwell's dissolution of an apparently indissoluble House of Commons, sent troops to drive and bar the contumacious legislators from the Parliament House, and had the court issue an injunction forbidding the Parliament to impeach him. At that the Lower House exclaimed "Pooh! bah!" and also "Rats!" and, self barricaded within a hotel, went on and impeached him. Also the Upper House bucked up its gumption, met in secret, arranged to try the impeachment, and summoned His Excellency to cease from his functions as President during the trial. To this he retorted, "I bite my thumb at you, sirs!" held on to his office, sent more troops to the scene, and got from the Supreme Court a permanent injunction against any more meetings of the Parliament or either House thereof, of any kind, for any purpose, in any place, at any time, save at his word. But the Upper House countered with "Shucks, for your Supreme Court! We are the Supremest Court, and we summon you, under penalty, to appear forthwith at our bar!" The President again

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called more troops, at which, to universal surprise, the Parliament suddenly saw a great light, and said, "Oh, very well! If that's the way you feel about it, we won't play!" So they called the whole thing off and went every man to his own place, and there was once more peace in the capital of Guaduragua. Of course, *hæc fabula docet* that those Guaduraguans are a set of benighted Greasers, quite unable to give themselves a decent and stable government. The fatal flaw in that conclusion is, however, that it was not in Guaduragua at all that the comedy was enacted, but in one of the Sovereign Commonwealths of the United States of America.

TEACHING LIFE

It has long been a reproach to our educational system that it tried to teach everything excepting how to live. Perhaps this will be measurably abated if the new Brookings Institution at Washington fulfils its purposes. It is to be a national centre of research, teaching and training in the humanistic sciences—in politics, economics, sociology, the interests of domesticity; in brief, the arts of living. The scheme may seem to some an over ambitious and even visionary one, but to our mind the chief wonder is that such an enterprise was not undertaken and successfully executed long ago.

TROJAN AND TYRIAN ALIKE

About fourteen years ago the President on his own authority sent a force of Marines to invade Mexico and wage war; whereupon one of our statesmen declared: "It is the duty of every member of Congress and every patriotic American to stand by him." Now the President sends Marines to Nicaragua, at the request of the Government of that Republic and in fulfilment of a distinct obligation, to aid in the restoration and maintenance of order; whereupon the same distinguished statesman declares to his colleagues in the Senate: "If we permit this, we ought to resign!" What was that fable about its making a difference whose ox was gored? However, there can be no doubt that some of our Congressional statesmen are impartially actuated by patriotic principles, without the slightest regard to partisan conisderations.

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THE UNIVERSAL DRAFT

The American Legion, in pursuance of resolutions adopted at its Paris convention, is urging the enactment by Congress of what is tersely described as a Universal Draft bill. That means a law which will give the President power, in case of war, to make a mobilization of all the resources of the country, including finances and industry—to draft the fighting man power "with the slacker loophole plugged up"; to draft capital and labor, likewise, to do their share; and to control the prices of all things needed for the prosecution of the war and for the maintenance of the civilian population. Its purport might be expressed in a slogan: "No slackers! No profiteers!" Doubtless such a measure will provoke much discussion and opposition. It may not be passed by the Congress. But it would be difficult to prove it anything more than a practical realization of the historic pledge of "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

INSULTS TO RELIGION

Right minded people will generally, we believe, commend the measure which the Indian Legislature is favorably considering, which provides a heavy penalty of fine and imprisonment upon anyone "who, by words either spoken or written, or by signs or by visible representations, or otherwise, intentionally insults or attempts to insult the religion, or intentionally outrages or attempts to outrage the religious feelings, of any class of His Majesty's subjects." The offence described is so gross a violation of common decency as to merit punishment wherever committed; while in India, with its variety of creeds all cherished by their devotees with jealous passion, it involves danger of violence, riot and even civil war. Perhaps the law, if made, will require missionaries to abate their singing of

> The heathen in his blindness
> Bows down to wood and stone;

a reform which the good Bishop Heber himself would probably be the first to approve. It must be realized that our well prized "freedom to worship God" means equally freedom for the Hindoo and the American, the Buddhist and the Christian, and also freedom from insult as well as from persecution.

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NATIONAL AND STATE REFERENDA

The proposal of a National referendum on Prohibition, which is being much considered, is certainly not authorized by the Constitution, unless possibly it may be regarded as permitted under that interesting omnibus, the "general welfare" clause. Neither is it expressly prohibited. It does seem illogical, however, for the opponents of Prohibition to advocate it, because much of their argument against the Eighteenth Amendment is that it is a Federal infringement upon the rights and functions of the States. If that be true, as we are inclined to believe, and if the Federal Government had no business to concern itself with a matter properly lying within the police powers of the individual States, then surely the appeal for a referendum should be made to the States and not to the Congress. The undoubted intent of the Constitution is that the people shall express their will and exercise their rights within their respective States and as citizens of those States, and not as a national whole. Of the right of States to order and conduct such referenda there can of course be no reasonable question.

HOTCHPOTCH STATISTICS

The quaint saying that while figures will not lie yet liars will figure receives new application from the complaint of a committee of Governor Lowden's National Crime Commission, to the effect that statistics of crime, however voluminous, are hopelessly incomplete, contradictory and untrustworthy. The public had already surmised as much, because of the varied reports concerning them. Some declare that crime is increasing, some that it is decreasing; some say that juvenile delinquency is increasing, some that it is decreasing; and so on to the end of the calendar; and all on the basis of the same statistics. The trouble is, of course, that the statistics are not uniform, are not comprehensive, and are not accurate; so that it is impossible to make instructive comparisons between one year and another or between one jurisdiction and another. The same evil is to be observed to some extent in the work of the Federal Census Bureau; one census being taken on one plan and the next on another. There are no

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data more valuable for information than statistics, properly compiled; and none more exasperatingly useless and misleading than those which are not rightly prepared.

JOSEPH AND ACHILLES ON THE SCREEN

Seldom has there been a more interesting proposal in the world of the silver screen than that of "filming" the Iliad and the story of Joseph. They are two of the world's supreme dramas, unsurpassed in every element of human interest, and so colossal that even the greatest dramatist might well shrink from essaying their actual stage production. For obvious reasons, however, cinema versions of them would be at once superior and inferior to the spoken drama. The latter on an adequate scale would be impossible; while the former, as a moving panorama of scenes and incidents, would be practicable and might be singularly effective. The thought, moreover, that the deeds of antiquity were being thus reproduced thirty-odd centuries after their occurrence by means of one of the most modern of inventions, and that Achilles and Joseph were made to figure as "movie heroes", would be unspeakably piquant and inspiring to the imagination.

VITAL STATISTICS EXTRAORDINARY

If we add together the numbers of deaths from typhoid fever, smallpox, scarlet fever, infantile paralysis, measles and diphtheria, the sum will fall considerably short of that of those killed by automobiles on the public highways. That, at least, is an authentic report from the State of New York, which we suppose will hold good pretty generally throughout the country. Are we indeed a maladroit and hapless Frankenstein, able to overcome the malign forces of nature but helpless victims of the devices of our own creation?

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THE CRACKER BARREL PHILOSOPHER

BY BURGES JOHNSON

"WELL, the Teapot Dome business is moving right along," I said to the Deacon as I bent over the paper he was studying. "The mills of justice are grinding pretty fast."

"Fast!" grunted the Deacon; "lawyers move about as fast as the army in that Russian play. When it marched it always took two steps forward and one step back, two steps forward and one step back, two steps forward and one step back."

"But justice shouldn't ever hurry," I protested. "It's got to move slowly and surely. A false step due to over-haste does more to discredit the courts than speed could ever atone for."

"Who said anything about over-haste?" growled the Deacon. "We get so used to seein' the processes of law move forward at the rate of one step a year, that when we see it go a step a month it makes us dizzy."

"I notice the lawyers themselves are trying to eliminate the law's delays," I urged. "Nearly every bar association meeting I read about produces some resolutions on the subject; and while I haven't any special knowledge, I think I've read that a lot has lately been accomplished in that direction."

"Well, who makes the law's delays? Isn't it the lawyers? If any people ought to try to improve things they're the ones. It's only themselves they've got to improve."

"Oh, come now, Deacon! You can't hold today's lawyers responsible for an accumulation of traditions and procedures that have grown up through generations. Besides, hasn't it all grown up through a desire to protect the innocent from miscarriage of justice?"

The Deacon laid aside his paper and pushed his spectacles up into his rumpled hair. "You're talkin' like a lawyer," he said sharply, "an' like a bad one, at that. What made the traditions? It wasn't a desire for justice, but a yearnin' for fees. An' what

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made the traditions is the same force that keeps 'em alive. Bad lawyers don't want to change the traditions, an' there's too many bad lawyers—the jackals of trade, somebody called 'em."

"From what I know of lawyers," I argued, "they average up much like doctors or bankers or folks in general, and I've always understood you to hold that decent folk are in the majority."

"You're quite right," said the Deacon pleasantly. "But while there's more gas than water in any gallon I get down to Hank's garage, I notice that the water manages to slow up my old Ford.

"What's more," he added, "that much water spoils the rest of the gas. No, it's like this," he said seriously. "One bad lawyer does more harm than a bad doctor. The bad doctor may hurt the few unfortunates he handles personally; but the bad lawyer helps to gum up the whole legal machine, an' that touches us all."

"The bar associations get after the bad lawyers, just as the medical associations get after the quacks, so I've heard."

"I guess you're hittin' a farmer on a touchy spot," grinned the Deacon, "an' mebbe this is my grouchy day. But I don't agree with you. It ain't the bad lawyers alone that make the unnecessary delays, but it's the good ones protectin' the bad ones, with somethin' they call 'professional courtesy'. It's a nice phrase, but I figure it means courtesy to a fellow lawyer regardless of what it may mean to a lot of clients. It generally means that if Lawyer Jones wants to go fishin', Lawyer Brown agrees to a delay, so that when Brown wants to go fishin' Jones will be equally considerate. I figure it's mutual back-scratchin', more than a desire for justice, that ties up the courts; an' the judges, bein' only graduate lawyers, let 'em scratch."

"You don't like lawyers," I suggested feebly.

"I'd respect a downright good lawyer more'n a good doctor or a good preacher," said the Deacon, emphatically, "because I know it's a darn sight harder for him an' costs him a heap more to be good. An' I'm always hopin' to meet one," he added, softly.

"A man ought to read all the news in his paper at one sitting," remarked the Deacon, after he had been scanning the sheets in

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silence for a time. "There's hardly a single bit of news that doesn't gain added interest when you read it along with some other bit. Lindbergh greeted at one end of Nicaragua by the President and all his Cabinet, and our Marines greeted at the other end by an unreconstructed General and all his machine guns, is a good example. I always like to set off the news from Russia with the news from Italy. It leaves my mind in a sort of balance, if I can keep from goin' crazy.

"Here's a good pair of items," he added, suddenly. "Lady preacher from England has her lecture cancelled by a Boston missionary society, so the paper says, because she smokes cigarettes. Down in a corner of the same page you read that the King of Afghanistan is makin' a state visit to Egypt and the theological crowd there have decided not to honor him as they had planned because he wears a white top hat. Seems it isn't the right uniform for a good Moslem."

The Deacon laid down the paper again. "There's such a lot of people that get manners confused with morals that it pays to learn the correct fashion. Bein' a gentleman, for instance, is a state of inward grace. But if you make a noise over your soup in this country a lot of folks think you aren't a gentleman, and in Japan you're not a gentleman if you don't.

"I guess the fact is that manners are a sort of code. Folks want you to fly some outward signals to tell what you are like on the inside. But we've all got to know the same set of signals or we're likely to choose poor company. Now you couldn't persuade Ma, there, that a cigarette in a lady's hand isn't a blue pennant at the mast-head to notify you the devil is in the cabin. But if she saw a man that was darn fool enough to wear a white top hat, she could easily believe he was a Christian. Her own great-uncle was a parson, an' he used to wear a mangy gray one. I saw it when I was a boy. But Ma isn't a bit unusual. I read the other day that Governor Al Smith stopped wearin' a brown derby hat some time ago. He figured out that nowadays he'd be flyin' the wrong signal at the mast-head."

"You believe in good manners, don't you?" I asked.

"Of course I do, so long as I remember that good manners are the generally adopted signals of good people in any one genera-

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tion, and that there always are some good people that either don't know 'em or haven't adopted 'em. If the next generation that comes along gets a new set, the old folks are bound to read 'em wrong for a while."

"It may be a whim of mine," I remarked, "but I certainly enjoy nowadays meeting a boy with old-fashioned good manners."

"So do I," said the Deacon. "I like his manners! An' I have a hopeful feelin' that mebbe his parents taught him somethin' else besides. But mebbe they didn't. There's always some folks that get to be more interested in manner than in matter.

"I've been readin' a lot of new books in my old age; all sorts of stuff that Abigail sends me, an' then I get interested and get more out of the library. Some of these recent fellows start off with some interestin' mediæval stuff, for instance, and a nice sort of style that goes with it. Folks get to praisin' the style, till the author gets too conscious of it, an' pretty soon he's writin' books with nothin' to 'em but the style. I won't say they aren't worth shucks, because that's exactly what they are worth.

"I don't mind them so much," continued the Deacon, thoughtfully, "as I do the folks that never had any matter to start with. They're all manner, like those fellows over at the summer art colony with long hair an' bow ties. The only pictures they ever produced were the caricatures they made of 'emselves."

"Nobody minds *them*," I said, "and they don't do any harm. They add picturesqueness to the village."

"Oh, I don't say I mind 'em much. But they reduce human productivity. They get so interested flyin' the signals of artists that they stop hoein' potatoes. They remind me of Si Pease's rapscallion daughter who's come home from the city. She bows her head in church at a place in the creed, not because she feels like bowin' her head then, but to prove she's turned Episcopalian."

"In spite of what you say, Deacon," I observed, "I like good manners better than bad manners, no matter what lies behind them."

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"You might just as well say," he answered, while he filled his pipe, "that you like clean hands better than dirty hands, even if they're pickin' your pocket."

* * * * *

Another lady steps briskly up to the cracker barrel! And she brings the Deacon a book entitled *Children of the Second Birth*, by S. M. Shoemaker, Jr. It describes varieties of Christian experience in a city parish. I shall make the Deacon read it. It will serve him right for pretending cynicism. Here is her letter:

DEAR PHILOSOPHER:

I suggest that you come off of your cracker barrel for an hour or two!

When you say in the January NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW "when something exciting happens that sets people to thinking inside a church, the membership falls off," I should like to tuck you under my arm and take you to a dingy old church on the edge of a faded district in New York City. It is hemmed in by business and traffic, but it's a place where at least one philosopher ought to go to find out what is happening! The promise of peace that is offered here is a challenge to thought. The man who stands in the pulpit of a Sunday is young, and he offers people a peace which begins with inward war. Every kind of a person comes here, and comes again—rich men silk-hatted, drunks who are pulled in by the lighted cross over the door, débutantes tired of dancing and bridge, women old and young who know something of sorrow. There is nothing soporific about the things they hear. Without the kick of oratory, under the blazing lights hung from the rafters a century ago, they are made to see clearly: themselves and a choice of roads.

A hundred times a year each person there is asked to make a choice. And his choice may involve completely changing his direction. Conversion in this church means wiping out of life every personal antagonism, every hatred, every habit of thought and life that separates a man from God. From a congregation that was a handful, to well filled pews, this church has grown, because "thinking" there is inevitable, and it's the sort of thinking that leads to action. Here is to be found the extra motive spring which turns clear thought into useful action. Very few fools in this congregation, for here fools turn into wise men.

Drop in some day, and then go back to your sitting post! You will find yourself set to thinking in a new direction, and like the rest of us you will go back for more.

Sincerely yours,

AMELIA S. REYNOLDS.

Scarsdale, N. Y.

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IN RETROSPECT

[IT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW TO REPRINT IN EACH NUMBER PERTINENT EXCERPTS FROM ITS ISSUES OF A CENTURY OR MORE AGO.—*The Editors.*]

A review of DANIEL DRAKE'S *work on "Cincinnati and the Miami Country" called forth these pertinent observations on the need of enlightened forestry, in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for July, 1816:*

The humidity of the Western country, Dr. Drake thinks, will be lessened when the country is cleared of its forests, and there can be no doubt of this result, which however is only desirable to a certain extent; for the greatest evil which the Western country has to dread hereafter, is excessive draught. The prospective wisdom of those states, should be particularly attentive to guard, as far as possible, against this effect. . . . General Andreossi, in his account of the Canal of Languedoc, states the increased evil of late years, that has arisen in France, from the destruction of the forests in the mountains, which protected the sources of the streams, by which means, the rivers have now become torrents, impetuous and destructive in winter, and presenting only beds of sand in summer. The gradual effect, if not counteracted, would be to reduce the country to sterility. How much more is this to be dreaded in a country of such extent, as that between the Allegheny, and the Chippewan mountains, with no intervening hills of height, sufficient to arrest the passage of these winds. The Government should select some spots from whence the most important streams originate, and mark out a certain portion of contiguous territory, never to be alienated or stripped of its forest. This would at once provide perpetual supplies of timber, and protect the precious fountains of the rivers.

HENRY TUDOR *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for January, 1817, told of his enviably picturesque experiences and observations on a walking tour through New England and New York:*

June 1st. To Keene, 43 miles.—Overslept ourselves at Pepperell, set off after breakfast, and walked six miles, then being tired of moving so slow from home, took the stage, and arrived here at 8, P.M. We have passed to day through a number of "clever towns," but have seen nothing worth remarking, except the Monadok mountain, at a distance, and seven beautiful girls *en passant*, which I have observed this day; it is remarkable, and I mention it for

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the benefit of artists, what a fine, warm, and mellow tone, objects like these, in the front ground, give to a landscape; one of these maidens with a sparkling, open countenance, rose-tinted, transparent complexion, falling shoulders, and rounded arms, light, elastick step, small foot, and tapering ancle, (it must be observed that,

Brachia et vultum, teretesque suras
Integer laudo

formed one of the most picturesque *studies* I ever saw, and I sighed that I was not an artist. The latter part of this road is a gentle descent for two miles, shaded by tall trees, and with a fine stream running by the road side.

WILLIAM TUDOR, *Jr.*, *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for March, 1817, told of some curious experiences at a "merry-making" evening party:*

The next complaint is on my own account. I was invited to "a symposiack," my idea of the nature of this party was very indistinct, my wife and daughter were equally at a loss. On the appointed evening my wife, whose imagination is singularly active, and will sometimes in consequence have her timidity very ludicrously excited, proposed to me, that I should accompany them to the theatre; I saw her drift, and that she did not feel perfectly easy on the score of this party. I smiled, and told her, I was resolved to find out what it was. On entering the room, I found several individuals, distinguished for their pursuit of science and literature. The materials were good, but it went off heavily, and I found myself obliged to be on my guard against yawning. At supper I engaged in conversation with a gentleman along side of me. Thirty years ago, I went, in regular course, through the mathematicks, metaphysicks and the Classicks, and obtained the usual literary degrees. I have, however, no pretensions to learning, and have, for many years, attended more to its results, than its forms. Having made some remark to my neighbour, who, though a metaphysician, was a very pleasant man; he began in the Socratick form, and having had the simplicity to answer his questions, I found, before I was aware of it, that he had treacherously caught me in a net, where I was too much enthralled to extricate myself. In this situation, a strange pedant, opposite, pelted me with a shower of hard words, every one of which left a contusion. I made my escape as soon as I could, and on getting home, the moment I entered the room, my daughter sprang to meet me, "well, dear Father, what kind of a party was it?" My wife bid her not be so impatient, and, in the same breath, said, "come, what was this party?"—I told my child to get the dictionary. "The Dictionary! well we never thought of that, but I don't believe there is any such word in the *English* Dictionary."—She read me the explanation, "Symposiack, relating to merry making!"—I told them the story, and resolved never to go to another.

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A racy account of the introduction of horses into the Hawaiian Islands was given by CHARLES DAVIS *in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for May, 1816:*

One of the gentlemen before alluded to, first introduced horses into Owyhee, which he brought from California. The natives who had never seen any animal larger than a cow, regarded them with feelings which might have renewed the ancient fables of the Centaurs. The whole population were out to see these strange animals. Many unsuccessful attempts were made by the natives at first, in riding them, which excited all their timidity. The gentleman who made them a present to the king, set the natives to work, to construct a rude carriage, with solid wheels, and harness made with rope. When completed, the three wives of the king were persuaded, after much difficulty, to take an airing, the king and his subjects being witnesses to this new experiment. Unfortunately the horses not being well broke, became restive in going down a small descent, overturned the carriage, and the three royal favourites, whose fears were not allayed by this disaster. The king and the chief priest immediately exclaimed *Taboo, Taboo.* "This is prohibited—the Gods are offended."

The notion of an American language and literature, distinct and separate from those of England, which has been exploited in our own day, seems to have been cherished by DR. WALTER CHANNING, *physician and author, brother of* WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING *and* EDWARD TYRREL CHANNING, *both closely concerned with the founding of* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. DR. CHANNING *wrote in this periodical in September, 1815:*

National literature seems to be the product, the legitimate product, of a national language. Literary peculiarities and even literary originality being, the one little more than peculiarities of language, the other the result of that uncontrolled exercise of mind which a slavery to a common tongue almost necessarily prevents. If then we are now asked, why is this country deficient in literature? I would answer, in the first place, because it possesses the same language with a nation totally unlike it in almost every relation; and, in the second, delights more in the acquisition of foreign literature than in a laborious independent exertion of its own intellectual powers. Unhappily, so enslaving are these influences, that it is hardly to be hoped that we shall ever make our language conform to our situation, our intellectual vigor and originality. But is it true that a nation of real spirit and character will forever consent to copy, even though it does not get rid of the language it inherited? Would not what we have already accomplished in literature be thought well for a young people, if we wrote in our *own* tongue? Is it not the fact that when we write we are regarded as Englishmen, and are required to do as well as if we lived in England?

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A most entertaining account of Sir WALTER SCOTT *was given by* THEODORE LYMAN, *in a letter from Edinburgh, in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for July, 1815:*

I should think there was no man in this profane world, so often asked after as Walter Scott, and no traveller ever lands in sweet Edinburgh without inquiring where can he be seen? In a small, dark room, where one of the Courts of Sessions is held, there is to be seen every morning in term time, sitting at a little table and keeping the records of the Court, a stout, broadshouldered, brawny and somewhat fleshy man,—with light hair, light complexion, eyes between a blue and a grey, thick nose, round fat face, rather sleepy expression, covered with a ragged black gown, his lame leg stuck under the table, the other sprawling out in such manner as no leg, lame or not lame, ever ought to be. Such a man, forsooth! as one might swear, heaven had marked out,—as an honest good natured soul, though rather stupid withal,—a most loyal subject fit to guzzle port and porter, pay taxes, and drink 'God save the King.' Not one poetick line or ray of genius in his face, except a very slight kindling of the eye, to redeem the immortal bust of the author of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, from the staring, thoughtless, besotted multitude. Mr. Scott is now about forty-five years old, descended from rather an obscure family in Lothian, and when young, he says, that the old men used to take him up on their knees, call him little Watty, and tell him border stories and legendary tales, while his brothers were gone to work; a privilege, which his lameness gave him. Some of those philosophers, who are in the habit of making a "moral" to all their fables, may very possibly find out, that the world has gained another great poet, because Walter Scott was born with one leg shorter than the other . . . Though Mr. S. is exposed to a constant throng of people with letters of introduction, his houses of resort in Edinburgh are not very numerous, and he confines himself chiefly to some of the choicest of the ministerial party; he is himself zealous to the last ditch for church and king. A disgust with its politicks make him leave *The Edinburgh Review*, in which he has written some pleasant articles. In his manners he is very mild and agreeable, apparently without any vanity, and the only affectation he has consists in the effort he makes *not* to appear a *poet*. He has a great deal of humour, and his conversation is principally made up of anecdotes; he is not, however, what they call either elegant or brilliant in company, but then he is cheerful and never obtrusive; upon the whole, one of the last persons you would suspect to be Walter Scott.

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BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

CHARLES JOHNSTON (*India A Dominion?*), Irish born, later became an American citizen and a professor at the University of Wisconsin. That he knows life intimately in India is evident from his early contacts there. After serving in the District of Murshidabad, in which Clive won the decisive victory of Plassey, he was transferred to Orissa, not far from the famous shrine of Jagannath, where the Head of one District was a Bengali, whose lady, an adherent of the liberal Brahmo Samaj, fitted tactfully into the social life of the civil station.

¶ *Paul Y. Anderson* (*"Jim" Reed: Himself*) was born in Tennessee in the foothills of the Smoky Mountains, thirty-four years ago, exactly half of which time he has spent as a newspaper reporter. His family were Southern mountaineer Abolitionists, which may account for his Bolshevik tendencies, although as a matter of fact Mr. Anderson stoutly maintains that he can whip any man who calls him the "parlor" brand of that ilk. As national correspondent of *The St. Louis Post-Dispatch* he is in a position to watch closely political actions.

¶ *Pascual Diaz* (*State vs. Church in Mexico*) was consecrated Bishop of Tobasco, one of the southern states in the Republic of Mexico, in 1923. The following year he had to leave his diocese because the Governor of that State made it obligatory for the Catholic clergy to marry. On returning to Mexico City, Bishop Diaz was elected Secretary of the permanent committee of Bishops to answer the anti-Catholic charges of President Calles. Known as the "Mercier of Mexico", he has now taken refuge in New York City.

¶ *Willis Fletcher Johnson* (*Cuba's Place in the Sun*) is the American born son of an English father whose sympathetic actions before the Civil War assisted many a fugitive slave to gain freedom. Just so does the present writer stand up for Cuba's integrity and the guaranty of her individuality, as he did in his authoritative history of the island whose fortunes have more or less been thrown in with the lot of the United States.

¶ *John Hunter Sedgwick* (*Newspaper Cannibalism*) has the point of view of the scholarly gentleman whose workshop has been situated in Boston. In his background can be found attainments in the law and extensive foreign travel. Beside travel abroad his diversions are country walking, the sailing of boats and working hard. "The last," says he, "is the only diversion that I have in which there seems to be no limitations."

¶ *Roy W. Howard* (*Newspaper Mass Production*) is "Roy" to his employees as well as to his friends. The keynote to his personality is that he is always having a good time, thinking, acting, walking and reading quickly. He was under forty when he became partner in a chain of twenty-six newspapers. His is the typically American story of the poor boy who climbs to success. Democratic in thought and action, he has a private office or den in a New York office building which would amaze the average corporation president or the Horace Greeleys and Wattersons of a by-gone era.

¶ *Gilbert Seldes* (*Open Your Mouth and Shut Your Eyes*) has been a free-lance writer for the last four or five years; has known editorial capacity, playwriting and journalistic political correspondence. The present essay, which is a by-product of a long study in fads, reforms, manias, cults, will be part of a book, the first to be brought out by this writer since his *Seven Lively Arts*.

¶ *Harold W. Stephens* (*Mask and Lash in Crenshaw*) is State capitol reporter on *The Montgomery Advertiser*. To speak more strictly, he is a lawyer straying in the paths of journalism. "I am," says he, "twenty-four years old and unmarried. My leisure is divided between books, chess, golf and the pursuit of such other pleasures as are permitted under the Constitution."

¶ *John D. Gladstone Grace* (*Flapper Votes and Lords' Reform*), a publisher and a journalist, is regarded in Canada and elsewhere as an authority in international and Dominion affairs. The Hon. Herbert Hoover declared that Mr. Grace's industrial articles had much to do with post-war stabilization in Canada.

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BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

He has declined several nominations and offers of places in Australia and the United States.

¶ ***John T. Rodgers*** (*The Library of Congress*) is a cosmopolitan man of letters, of New England antecedents, Mid-West nativity, Princeton graduate culture, and New York practice and experience, who has for some time been engaged at Washington in research work of nation-wide interest. His present contribution to this REVIEW bears, as did various former ones, the stamp of authenticity illumined with imagination, befitting an appreciative impression of a great national institution.

¶ ***Franklin Snow*** (*After Eight Years*) began his career as a railroad man and turned to journalism. "Following railroad affairs," he observes in his editorial capacity, "may seem rather strange both as a vocation and an avocation, yet if one can combine with one's work an inherent interest in the subject at hand, the inspection of new rail facilities can be as fascinating a pastime as is the contemplation of a new golf course to the business man who must seek relief from the ennui of his job."

¶ ***Henriette Weber*** (*Plucking the Golden Gander*), critic, writer and lecturer, has known all her life people who do things, whether sojourning here or in foreign lands. To her recreations she adds mountain climbing, saying: "I have tramped and climbed days at a time over more than one dangerous trail—in Switzerland and the Tyrol, but especially in our own Adirondacks, which always offer a new thrill to those who know these mountains."

¶ ***A. E. Hamilton*** (*Killing Lady Nicotine*), an American, was born in Mexico City and educated under G. Stanley Hall in California. Many have been his occupations from time-keeper on a railroad to teaching English, writing editorials and running camps. Author and humorist, he says; "As to hobbies, I chop trees with fair accuracy and draw pictures badly."

¶ ***Sarah Comstock*** (*Early American Drama*) is a writer of books and magazine articles. Although born in Pennsylvania her first work was in a California newspaper office. Her latest production is *Roads to the Revolution*, which illustrates her special gift for ferreting out our historic landmarks with her camera and writing about these relics, many of which are now rapidly vanishing. It is felt desirable to call attention to the unique movement at Columbia University to revive early American plays. So far only *The Stage* of London has pointed out the importance of this manifestation in the history of our native drama. As we go to press it is announced that another play is being acted by the Columbia Laboratory players.

¶ ***John Spargo*** (*The Foe of Liberty and Progress*) was a veteran Socialist nurtured under Keir Hardie when he came from England to the United States. Splitting from the official Socialist Party later on, he struck its death knell. A man of marked personality, he is the village philosopher of Old Bennington, Vermont, from where his fame as historian, genealogist, and collector of antiques has spread far and wide. "From new social systems to old teapots is quite a jump," admits this New England leader of Old English birth.

¶ ***J. Loewenberg*** (*The Comic Spirit*) is a Harvard product without any doubt, for from that university he obtained his degrees, Bachelor, Master and Doctor of Philosophy. Now situated at Berkeley, he is Professor of Philosophy in the University of California and a frequent contributor to philosophic journals. That such a learned gentleman should have as a hobby "the detection of affinities" is difficult to believe until we hear the explanatory words "affinities between philosophy and literature."

¶ ***Thomas Maitland Cleland,*** who designed the present Cover of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, received the award of one thousand dollars given by the Harvard School of Business Administration from the Edward W. Bok Foundation, for the advertisement most effective in its use of pictorial illustration during 1927. Mr. Cleland's skill in design is superior and his standing as an artist of high talent is thus given substantial recognition.

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THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

BY HERSCHEL BRICKELL

TWO of the most interesting figures in the contemporary literary landscape have been removed by the hand of death since the appearance of the preceding instalment of this commentary. I refer to Thomas Hardy and Vicente Blasco Ibañez, and if the linking of their names causes any shudders on the part of the admirers of the Englishman, let me explain that I have no intention of making a comparison between the artistic stature of the two men. As outstanding personalities of our time, however, they may be fittingly discussed together.

In the case of Hardy, it was his work that counted most; with Ibañez, it was as much a matter of a vigorous personality and a tremendous vitality as it was of any artistic merit that conferred distinction. Anatole France once said to the Spaniard: "The day you write your autobiography, you will achieve your greatest novel." The events in Hardy's life could be covered in a slim pamphlet.

There was significance in the manner of the departure of the two men from life. Hardy, dying at peaceful Max Gate in Dorchester, was the poet quitting his Ivory Tower; Ibañez dying in his magnificent villa, Fontana Rosa, at Mentone, with great throngs outside waiting for news of his condition, and buried in France, although in the soil of his native Valencia, from which he had long been a political exile, was the man of action to the last breath and to the last gesture, implied in his refusal to permit his body to be taken back to Spain. It was well known that Hardy wished to be buried in the Wessex of his own creation, and at first it was decided that his body should rest in the village church he loved, but later it was decided that an Abbey burial was his just due, and it was given, only the heart remaining in Dorchester. This was the final ironical touch to a life rich in irony.

The Bed's Head Bookshelf

(In this place will appear each month the mention of one or more books winnowed from the thousands published in recent years—books chosen for their enduring qualities and their fitness for a place at the "Beddes' hed" of bibliophiles.)

This month we go no farther back than last year for our selection of a volume worthy to be owned and treasured. It is William Butler Yeats's *Autobiographies: Reveries Over Childhood and Youth and The Trembling of the Veil* (Macmillan, $3.50). Here we have a book that fulfils all the peculiar requirements of the BED'S HEAD BOOKSHELF in that it is beautifully made and beautifully written; in that it is by and about an interesting poet, essayist, dramatist and critic, and in that every page is rich in personalities as well as in the revelation of the personality of its author. It has, besides, the advantage of being delightful reading piecemeal. Its place as one of the enduring literary biographies of our own times is quite secure.

Hardy's Place Is Fixed

The Englishman lived two lives, completing his work as a novelist more years ago than it is easy to realize, and winning recognition as a poet and dramatist in the second part of a long career—he was eighty-six when he died. He passed on, having won a secure place in the history of English literature, but even in the long years when he came to be so highly honored there was something of the touch of exile about his life in Dorchester; something left of the bitterness which he felt at the early condemnation of his novels as immoral.

The Spaniard's enduring place in the literature of our time remains to be determined. His novels are still reaching us in translation, *Reeds and Mud*, one of the earlier realistic stories being scheduled for immediate appearance, and recently we had *The Mob*, also an early book, and *The Pope of the Sea*, one of

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his later works. It was Ibañez's ill fortune to become widely known by his poorer books, although there was some solace in the fact that such novels as *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* made him independently wealthy. At bottom, Ibañez, who was a typical *Valenciano* mentally and physically, was always more a man of action than a man of thought; his novels are often overburdened with propaganda and rarely done with any attention to technique. In so recent a story as *The Pope of the Sea*, the ordinary requirements of the novel are scorned, and what we get is an entertaining and sympathetic historical account of the life of that hard-headed *Aragonese*, Pedro de Luna, the only Spanish Pope.

A Home for Writers

Spanish newspapers bring word that the Ibañez villa, with its beautiful grounds and its "Garden of the Novelists", this last adorned with portraits in tiles of Cervantes, Balzac and Dickens, and with busts of Flaubert, Cervantes, Dostoievsky and Victor Hugo, will become a home for writers, according to the terms of the novelist's will.

Several biographies and critical studies of Hardy and Ibañez have already reached the spring lists, and there are others in preparation. The Spaniard was at various times in his life cowboy, colonist, representative of his native province in the Spanish Parliament, political exile, world-tourist, scenario-writer, and so on. He was an ardent republican and one of his last books was a savage attack upon Alfonso XIII and the Spanish dictator, Primo de Rivera.

A Life of Frémont

When one turns from the contemplation of the death of these two undeniably important figures to the more immediate matter of the current output of literature, the first books to offer themselves for attention are biographies, among them the life stories of famous Americans who have not heretofore had adequate treatment. Allan Nevins has done a definitive biography, for example, of General John C. Frémont, under the title of *Frémont: The West's Greatest Adventurer* (Harper, two volumes boxed, $10), a richly illustrated book in the preparation of which Mr. Nevins had the cooperation of the Frémont family, and into which he has put a full share of his historical knowledge and fine skill in writing. There is something slightly forbidding about the word "definitive" when applied to a biography; it has the sound of a reference shelf and ponderousness. But Mr. Nevins has not done that sort of study at all. Frémont was, after all, a great adventurer, and a biography that omitted or underemphasized the romantic aspects of his life or failed to catch up all the color of the early days in the Great West, would not be entitled to the praise that Mr. Nevins's work richly deserves. The Frémont biography includes also a full treatment of the life of the General's wife, Jessie Benton Frémont.

Andrew Johnson Revived

For half a century there has been no full length biography of Andrew Johnson, the only volumes available on the life of a fascinating figure in American history about whom almost nothing is generally known, being a few books hastily prepared and published shortly after his death, none of them of any real value. Therefore, it is likely that there will be unusual interest in Judge Robert W. Winston's *Andrew Johnson: Plebeian and Patriot* (Holt, $5), which, like the Frémont, is handsomely illustrated from contemporary sources, and which is the first biography of Johnson of several that are planned for the next two or three years.

Judge Winston is a North Carolina lawyer who has spent years in collecting the material for Johnson's biography, which is primarily an attempt to paint a life-like portrait of the man who rose from a little tailor shop in Greeneville, Tennessee, to the White House, and who after his narrow escape from impeachment while he was President, was returned to the United States Senate, an honor conferred upon no other ex-President. In contrast to the number of recent biographies that have been strongly iconoclastic, Judge Winston's book seeks to restore a neglected figure to its rightful place in the nation's history. This is a readable book for the layman, and of value to the historian because most of its source material is original.

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Minton, Balch, whose revival last fall of Andrew Jackson at the hands of Gerald W. Johnson proved popular, are adding another important American biography to their list in *Rufus Choate: The Wizard of the Law* by Claude Fuess ($3.50). This is another story with an abundance of romance and legend, for Choate was the eccentric and brilliant type of person about whom good anecdotes cluster. Mr. Fuess gives full space to a treatment of the eloquence of his subject and does not neglect to tell the story of the multiplicity of overcoats worn by Choate into the courtroom and of his habit of peeling them off layer by layer as he warmed to the business in hand.

A biography that should not be overlooked is Colonel George Harvey's *Henry Clay Frick: the Man* (Scribner's, $5), which shows a comprehensive grasp of the steel man's remarkable life. In this career, which spanned a rise from a small borrowed capital to the acquisition of millions, there is much latitude for inspiration, and we think the author has done justice to his subject.

The American Pageant

Before leaving the American scene to discuss other important recent biographies, it is well to note that two more volumes in the magnificent series of *The Pageant of America* of the Yale University Press are now available. Volume IV, *The March of Commerce*, is by Malcolm Keir; Volume VI, *The Winning of Freedom* is the work of William Wood and Ralph Henry Gabriel, the latter the general editor of this "Pictorial History of the United States". These books are models of typography and binding, and the fascination of their contents would be difficult to exaggerate, with their hundreds of intelligently chosen illustrations and their admirable text.

A pageant of another sort entirely is depicted in a book just now being widely discussed, *The Great American Bandwagon* by Charles Merz (John Day, $3), which is a survey of the contemporary American landscape from Maine to California, made in a cleverly journalistic manner. Most of the transitory features of our culture—let us hope the adjective is not over-optimistic—are deftly caught and transferred to this literary news-reel, and the result is we discover a painful amount of vulgarity in our midst: highways lined with hot-dog stands, fortunes spent on prize-fights, more excitement over an Atlantic City beauty contest than the Nicaraguan situation, and so on. Mr. Merz's explanation of this state of affairs is that the American pioneer spirit, which did not have time to exhaust itself before we bumped into the Pacific Ocean, is still manifesting itself in our general restlessness and bandwagonish tendencies.

War Leaders Appraised

A series of sketches in which the talents of military leaders in the World War are appraised by a British expert makes up one of the most interesting of recent books of a biographical nature. This is Captain B. H. Liddell Hart's *Reputations Ten Years After* (Atlantic Monthly Press—Little, Brown, $3). Captain Hart's appraisal of the American generals, Liggett and Pershing, should be satisfactory to patriots on this side of the water. Haig this author esteems as a soldier and a great gentleman; he discusses Gallieni, whom he admires; Foch, Joffre, Von Falkenhayn, and others with shrewd appreciation and perfectly frank evaluation of their good and bad points. Captain Hart is also the author of *Great Captains Unveiled* (Atlantic Monthly Press—Little, Brown, $3.50), a book of studies of military leaders from Genghis Khan to General Wolfe.

Connected sketches of Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein in this volume form an interesting commentary upon important military aspects of the Thirty Years War, and if the subject is found appealing, as well it may be, there is a chance to pursue it further in a full-length biography. We refer to *Christian IV, King of Denmark and Norway* by John M. Gade (Houghton Mifflin, $5), a handsomely illustrated volume, which gives a richly detailed panorama of the Seventeenth Century as well as an excellent story of Denmark's hero-king, who has remained a hero despite the fact that the end of his reign saw his country no longer ruler of the Baltic and Oceanic seas.

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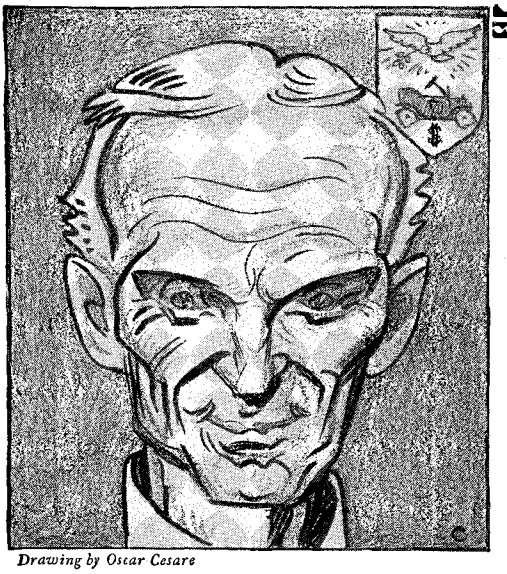

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My Philosophy of Industry

HENRY FORD
in the April
FORUM

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Also in the April number:

Are We Victims of British Propaganda?
William H. Thompson vs. P. W. Wilson

Self-Education in College, *President Lowell of Harvard*

Springtime, A Story, *Zona Gale*

The Federal Octopus, *Oscar W. Underwood*

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A Great British Sailor

That English slave-runner, freebooter, and naval hero, Sir John Hawkins, is the subject of another large biography, the title of which is *Sir John Hawkins: The Time and the Man* by James A. Williamson (Oxford University Press—American Branch, $7), and which has many illustrations. This history begins with "Old William Hawkins" and includes, of course, the career of John's brother, also named William. It is a fine account of Elizabethan seafaring days, running through the defeat of the Armada and the building up of the British Navy.

One of the best of recent biographies of literary figures is Elizabeth Drew's *Jane Welsh and Jane Carlyle* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), which is at last a middle-ground treatment of the character of "that inescapable woman" whose relationship to Carlyle has caused the spilling of so much ink since Froude first launched a lot of stories that have persisted to this day. Miss Drew's study of Mrs. Carlyle is in three panels; the first, "Jane Welsh", the second, "Mrs. Thomas Carlyle", and the third, "Jane Carlyle". Relying closely upon the multitude of letters and diaries available, Miss Drew concludes that on the whole the Carlyles were as happy together and as devoted as two high-strung, temperamental and physically deranged people could have been, and that most of the stories about them are false, including Froude's favorite, that Carlyle was never able to consummate his marriage. This book will do no violence to admirers of Jane, among whom the present writer is delighted to number himself, and it should set at rest a lot of silly gossip about the Carlyles.

Two Books on the Alcotts

A standard biography of an American literary figure, Ednah D. Cheney's *Louisa May Alcott: Her Life, Letters and Friends* has just been issued in a new edition by Little, Brown at $2.50, and along with it, Caroline Ticknor's *May Alcott: A Memoir*, which is $3, the biography of "Amy" in *Little Women*, who, studying with the money that came from the sale of that book, became a noted painter in Paris and London. There is also much of interest about the Alcott family in this volume.

Russia in New Fiction

Turning to the field of current fiction, a significant recent development is the number of novels now appearing that deal with the Russian Revolution. One of the best of these, *City of Bread* by Alexander Neweroff, was mentioned here recently; Ivan Shmelov's *The Son of the Dead* (Dutton, $2.50) gives another vivid picture of the suffering and the misery undergone during a violent change in government. The Shmelov novel concerns the Crimea, normally one of the loveliest places on earth, and the horror of the Revolution is heightened in this story by its contrast with the smiling landscapes of the Peninsula.

Larger in scope and more on the order of such a great canvas as *War and Peace* is General P. N. Krasnoff's *The Unforgiven* (Duffield, $3.50), which is a sequel to Krasnoff's two-volume novel, *From Double Eagle to Red Flag*, which covered a quarter-century period in the history of Russia. The new novel tells the story of the disintegration that has set in since the overthrow of the Czarist Government. Krasnoff's point of view is that of the Russian aristocrat who hopes for a restoration of the Monarchy, but this does not detract from the fact that he has had remarkable opportunities for first-hand observation and that he is able to tell a tremendously dramatic story of a great country in agony.

On the same general lines is S. Gussiev Orenburgsky's *The Land of the Children* (Longmans, Green, $2.50), a sequel to *The Land of the Fathers*, and a sweeping panorama of Russia between 1915 and 1920. *The Land of the Fathers* was published in Russia by Maxim Gorki in 1905 and sold 200,000 copies. The two Orenburgsky books are best characterized as prose epics.

Mr. Wilder Still Popular

Among novels that have been out for some weeks, Thornton Wilder's *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* continues to arouse the greatest enthusiasm, and its huge sale has stirred so

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much interest in Mr. Wilder's work that his first novel, *The Cabala*, is also selling briskly. Somewhat the same thing has occurred with Lion Feuchtwanger's *The Ugly Duchess*, which has revived interest in Mr. Feuchtwanger's *Power*. Isa Glenn's *Southern Charm*, which attacks with a great deal of cleverness some of the sacred traditions of Miss Glenn's own section, has aroused a good deal of controversy, one amusing feature of which is that New England reviewers have come to the rescue of Southern aristocracy, while a good many Southern critics have missed the ironical implications of the book altogether. E. M. Delafield seems to have found her American public at last with *The Way Things Are*, which is a novel in which intelligent readers are certain to find delight.

Marie Cher's *The Door Unlatched* brings a newcomer to the attention of this country under the imprint of Minton, Balch, with an expertly done psychological novel that has been favorably reviewed by a variety of critics of diverse tastes, and which promises to surprise its publishers, who prefaced it with a note to the effect that they did not expect it to sell, but they liked it themselves. The public has a way of disappointing the publishers both ways.

From the Scandinavian

Readers of Hildur Dixelius's *The Minister's Daughter*, which seemed to me one of the most distinguished novels of last year, will be interested in the appearance of its sequel, *The Son* (Dutton, $2), which tells the story of the child of Sara Alelia. Miss Dixelius tells her Scandinavian tales with a fine simplicity, selecting her details admirably, and I unhesitatingly recommend the making of her acquaintance.

Last month I mentioned Howard W. Odum's *Rainbow Round My Shoulder* (Bobbs-Merrill, $3) as one of the most interesting of books yet written in the South with the negro as subject. This book is a monologue of a negro itinerant worker, who intersperses his recital of his wanderings with snatches of song, mostly "blues" that cannot be found anywhere else. Mr. Odum has succeeded in putting together a perfectly authentic document of negro life, and at the same time, of creating a new form for fiction that one hesitates to label, but which, whatever it is called, is most engaging.

Another recent Southern story is Edward Larocque Tinker's novel of Creole life in New Orleans, *Toucoutou* (Dodd, Mead, $2.50), a vivid and exact reconstruction of a bygone period in what is in most respects the most fascinating of American cities. Mr. Tinker is the biographer of Lafcadio Hearn, and while a New Yorker by birth, he has spent much time in New Orleans collecting and studying the data for his books. *Toucoutou* tells the story of a girl, who, brought up by the former mistress of a young Creole planter, marries a white man, and is eventually found to have negro blood in her veins. There is a side of Louisiana life revealed here that has hitherto been largely neglected and Mr. Tinker has built up his backgrounds and created his atmosphere so skilfully that a remarkable illusion of first-hand contact with the people and the places in the story is established.

Two Stories of Florida

Two novels dealing with opposite poles of life in Florida afford an opportunity to examine promising new talent. One is Edith Everett Taylor's *Not Magnolia* (Dutton, $2), a first book by a Florida college student which is laid partly in a college and partly upon an ancient estate near Tallahassee. This is largely a story of the wild Younger Generation, and a young book, but quite well done in places, and certainly frank upon certain subjects that have only recently become matters for everyday discussion in mixed company. Edwin Granberry's *Strangers and Lovers* (Macaulay, $2), Mr. Granberry's second novel, *The Ancient Hunger* having been his first, is a story of Florida poor whites, done with a great deal of vigor and insight and in a successfully poetical style.

A number of collections of short stories have appeared recently, in addition to the annual anthologies, such as Edward J. O'Brien's *Best British* and *Best American*, published by Dodd, Mead, and *The O'Henry Prize Stories*, published by Doubleday, Doran. Dodd, Mead are going on with

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Richard Eaton's *Best French* and *Best Continental* stories and Mr. Eaton is doing a valuable work in making available to American readers well-selected examples of the stories of Continental writers.

Georgian Stories, 1927 (Putnam, $2.50), edited by Alec Waugh, is, as usual, a good collection, with four or five stories that any one would be glad to have well bound for preservation. This collection contains some of the finest work of the English short story writers in our time, and has been consistently well edited from its first appearance, although, to be sure, there have been times when any reader might have felt inclined to take exception to certain selections.

Mary Arden's *Luck and Other Stories* (John Day, $2) contains some exceptionally fine tales by a young Englishwoman who will be heard from in the future. *Rhapsody* by Dorothy Edwards (Knopf, $2.50) is a collection somewhat resembling Miss Arden's in general character, with music playing an important part in most of the stories. *Peacocks and Other Stories of Java* by Venette Herron (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) is a volume of exotic tales, mostly about the dissatisfied wives of Dutch Colonials, with three or four very nearly first rate stories and some others not up to the mark. James Stephens's *Etched in Moonlight* (Macmillan, $2) is a padded collection of inferior stories by the author of *The Crock of Gold, Here Are Ladies*, etc. There is not a story in the lot worthy the Irishman's talent, with the possible exception of *Hunger*.

Miss Mayo Answered

One of the sensations of the spring publishing season is Dhan Gopal Mukerji's well-mannered reply to Katherine Mayo's *Mother India*, the book of 1927 which is probably entitled to be called the most provocative volume of that year. Mr. Mukerji's small book—it is a pamphlet in length—is called *A Son of Mother India Answers* (Dutton, $1.50). He replies directly to many of Miss Mayo's accusations, and declares that she remained in India far too short a time to justify many of her sweeping conclusions. The tremendous interest in the Mukerji brochure is a reflection of the disturbance made by Miss Mayo's book, and the controversy bids fair to run on for months, or until the public tires of it. The fair-minded person who reads Miss Mayo and Mr. Mukerji is bound to feel that really to know India is the matter of a lifetime of sympathetic study.

A long-awaited volume is Martin Johnson's *Safari* (Putnam, $5), the account of the African camera-hunting trip made by Mr. Johnson, accompanied by his wife. The photographs in this book are delightful, and the text is full of the most fascinating stuff about African wild life that any nature-lover could ask. The book is handsomely made. For my own part, I could not put it down, and I feel free to venture the opinion that it will prove a satisfactory fireside companion to many an indoor lover of the outdoors during the chilly evenings of this spring.

An Improved "Mirrors"

Mirrors of the Year, published for the first time in 1927, is in hand from Stokes ($4), a collection of essays upon various aspects of the American scene during last year. This year's volume is a good deal of an improvement over last year's, which was very weak in spots. Among the contributors to the current issue are Louis Bromfield, Elmer Davis, William Lyon Phelps, Larry Barretto, Edith Wharton, Richard E. Byrd, Herbert Asbury, and Louis Seibold.

A number of books designed primarily to interest bibliophiles have appeared in recent months, among them one of unusual excellence which I have not noted here before. This is *The Golden Book* by Douglas McMurtrie (Covici, $6), subtitled "The Story of Fine Books and Bookmaking—Past and Present". This is a royal octavo of more than four hundred pages, printed on a special laid paper and handsomely bound. There are over a hundred illustrations. I have enjoyed the society of Mr. McMurtrie's book for two months and can recommend it heartily to others of the book loving fraternity.

Other Books Received

BIOGRAPHY

My Life Transformed. By *Helen Heckman.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Story of the development of a deaf and dumb girl into an able pianist and dancer by a stepmother whose ac-

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complishment is viewed as something in the nature of a miracle.

The Beautiful Mrs. Graham. By *E. Maxtone Graham.* Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

These letters portray the Cathcart family famed for its beauties and its activities in public life during the XVIII Century.

George Henry Boker. By *Edward Sculley Bradley,* Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. $4.00.

The life story of the poet who wrote *Francesca da Rimini,* a play which dates from 1853.

The Gary I Knew. By *Arundel Cotter.* Boston: The Stratford Company. $2.00.

The basis of this work was just reminiscences of the late head of the United States Steel Corporation as they came to the memory of one of his associates.

Alice Foote MacDougall—The Autobiography of a Business Woman. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

This book is a piece out of life, told from the lips of a woman, gently born, who had to carve out of industry the future of herself and her three young children.

Cardinal Newman. By *George J. Donahue.* Boston: The Stratford Company. $2.00.

Written from the point of view of one who made hero worship of this great outstanding figure in the history of the churches, both Protestant and Catholic.

The Transplanting. Edited by *Martha Genung Stearns.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

A narrative from the letters of Marie Balascheff, a Russian refugee in France, who as the daughter of Prince Cantacuzene had spent part of her girlhood in Washington.

FICTION

Poison Shadows. By *William Le Queux.* New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.00.

This is another Le Queux thriller in which a handsome old house functions as the abode of shadows wherein men come to unusual fates.

Black Valley. By *Hugo Wast.* New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

This is the story of Gracian Palma and the two girls, Mirra and Victoria, who silently battle for his love. The setting is in Argentina.

Show Cases. By *Jacques Le Clercq.* New York: Macy-Masius. $2.50.

These are short stories dedicated to the relations between the two sexes set off as a rule against foreign backgrounds.

At the House of Dree. By *Gordon Gardiner.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

A mystery story in which a sinister element is contributed by a secret band of rogues from India.

The Tick of the Clock. By *Herbert Asbury.* New York: Macy-Masius. $2.00.

A detective yarn set in the well known haunts of New York City where the underworld has an opportunity to play its part.

Martin Schüler. By *Romer Wilson.* New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A study of a musical genius, with its morbidity, its brutality, its vanity, its inconstancy and caprice, and its strain of vulgarity.

A Fairy Leapt Upon My Knee. By *Bea Howe.* New York: The Viking Press. $2.00.

A fanciful tale of how a real fairy came into the lives of two lovers and of what ensued.

Meat. By *Wilbur Daniel Steele.* New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

A strong novel showing the harm that can be done to normal children by the excessive catering to an abnormal child in a family.

Ambition. By *Arthur Train.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

The life story of a man who was beguiled into marrying a girl whose past was none too savory, and the eventual parting of the ways to the immense satisfaction of both.

Migration. By *David Grew.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

A farm boy loves a girl of the circus and his mother stands between them, hoping to keep her son from deserting the land for other walks of life.

Red Horses. By *Felix Riesenberg.* New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.00.

The rush of big American business runs through this novel which has its setting in the State of Washington where a young Russian mixes into the life of the city and finds it often less than honest.

Shaken by the Wind. By *Roy Strachey.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Story of a prophet who came into a well ordered family, bringing fanaticism and trouble.

The Haunted House. By *Hilaire Belloc.* New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Mystery, frenzy of excitement and fear, as well as a headless ghost, serve to make this a thriller of a tale.

Roman Gold. By *Michael Lewis.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

An affair of secret passages inside a country home in Devon and the arts and wiles of a sinister brotherhood which enhance the unraveling of a mystery.

A Girl Adoring. By *Viola Meynell.* New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

The mind and heart of a young girl are sketched in with a staying power. It arouses memories of one's own youth.

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THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

Cloudy in the West. By *William Patterson White.* Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.00.

Although the "Old West" may be actually passing, the flavor of its romance, its daring, and its humor will never be lost so long as we have stories like this.

Tragedy at Ravensthorpe. By *J. J. Connington.* Boston: Little, Brown Company. $2.00.

In this volume we are treated to thefts of rare Leonardo da Vinci medallions, exciting escapades through secret passages and other exploits such as might be associated with a lonely country house.

The Golden Bubble. By *Courtney Ryley Cooper.* Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.00.

History is used as the background of this tale which shows the growth of the city of Denver and the gold rush which made its existence possible.

HISTORY

American Foreign Policies. By *James Wilford Garner, Ph.D.* New York: The New York University Press.

These chapters are based on lectures defining the foreign relations of the United States since the World War.

South America Looks at the United States. By *Clarence H. Haring.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

A year of residence and travel in South America, together with intensive study, enables the author to write this book under the auspices of the Bureau of International Research of Harvard University.

China. By *Thomas F. Millard.* New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

Herein are answered such questions as: Where is China today, and why? The author has been adviser to the Chinese Government.

The Looting of Nicaragua. By *Rafael de Nogales.* New York: Robert M. McBride Company. $2.50.

By the author of *Four Years Beneath the Crescent*, this book raises the question: "Why are we in Nicaragua and what the hell are we doing there?" according to the redoubtable Will Rogers.

Nicaragua and the United States. By *Isaac Joslin Cox.* Boston: The World Peace Foundation. $1.25.

This is a sane treatment of the Nicaraguan problem by the professor of history at Northwestern University.

Empire to Commonwealth. By *Walter Phelps Hall.* New York: Henry Holt and Company. $4.00.

Appraises those forces within the Empire during the last thirty years which make for closer union and cohesion in comparison with those which made for disintegration and decay.

The Post-War Mind of Germany and Other European Studies. By *C. H. Herford.* New York: The Oxford University Press. $3.50.

A scholarly study of subjects which are now much in the common mind when the perspective of a decade lends light to war history and its subsequent manifestations.

Germany Ten Years After. By *George H. Danton.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

A treatise that concedes the position summed up in the words: "Germany lost the war and won the peace."

In Quest of the Western Ocean. By *Nellis M. Crouse. Ph.D.* New York: William Morrow and Company, $6.50.

The story of dauntless explorers and their groping attempts to find a passage westward which resulted in the discovery of America and other exploits.

POPULAR SCIENCE

The Inner World of Childhood. By *Frances G. Wickes.* New York: D. Appleton and Company. $3.00.

This presentation of the psychological life of children is based on the Jung theory and is written by the consulting physician of St. Agatha's School in New York.

The Nervous Child and His Parents. By *Frank Howard Richardson, M.D.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

A general discussion of children and their habits, especially related to the troublesome aspects in the lives of the normal youngsters.

The Annuals of Flowerland. By *Alice T. A. Quackenbush.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

With the arrival of the spring season, flower growers will welcome expert advice from those who make specialities of gardens.

The Harvest. By *L. H. Bailey.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

The first chapter begins: "The spring has come again. The winter has been long and the roads stopped with snow; but today the mercury is at seventy and there are signs of warm thunder; soon the spouts will be filled with April rain."

Beauty and Health. By *Lois Leeds* and *Hilda Kaji.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50.

A practical guide to the acquisition of a healthy body and feminine beauty.

The Mysteries and Secrets of Magic. By *C. J. S. Thompson.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.50.

All the necromancy of the ages has been investigated in order to make copy for this most tempting book.

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